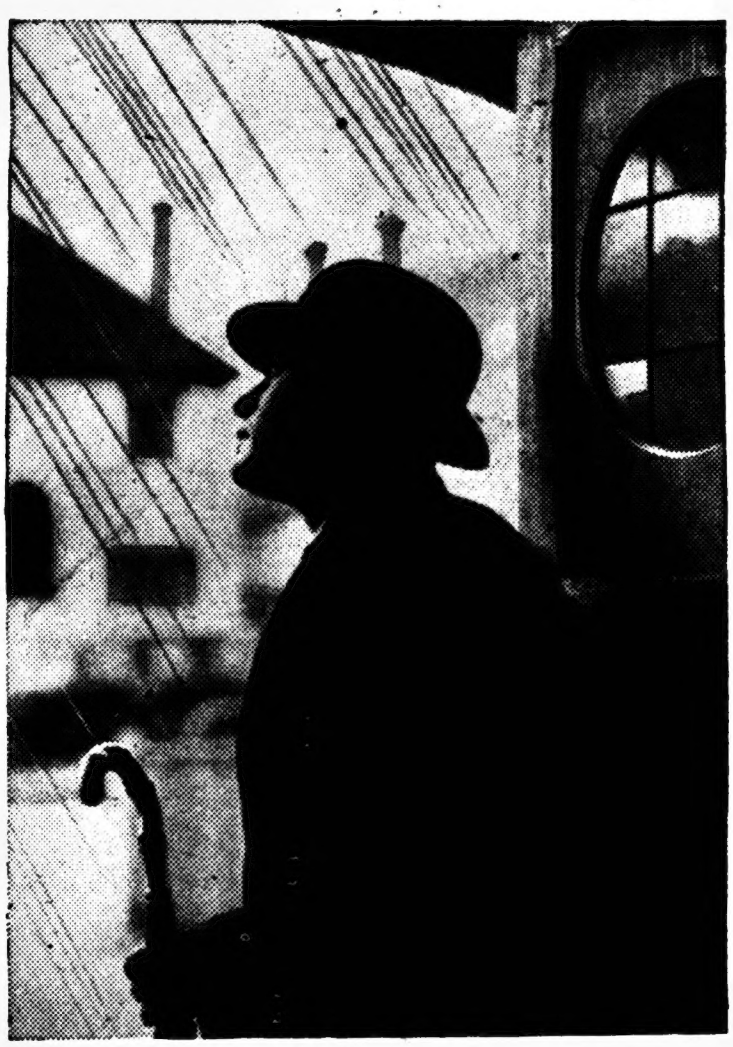
JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 8, 1936

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIX.
1547.

DEADLIEST ENEMY OF THE MOTHERS SEE PAGES 22 AND 23

JOHN BULL

Which is the most dangerous day of the week?



It may be to-morrow. It may even turn out to be to-day. At this time of year *any* day may bring sudden danger from cold, damp weather that results in lowered vitality, and the risk of infection.

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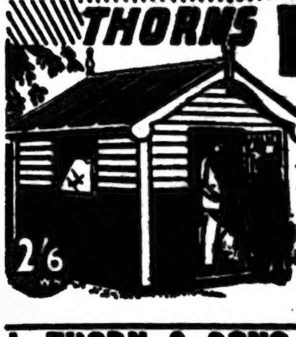

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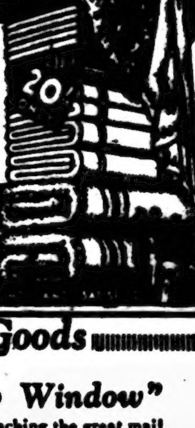

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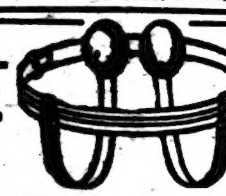

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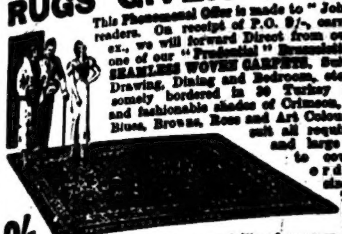

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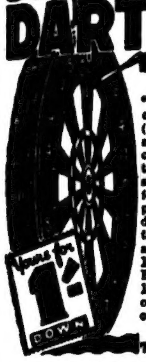

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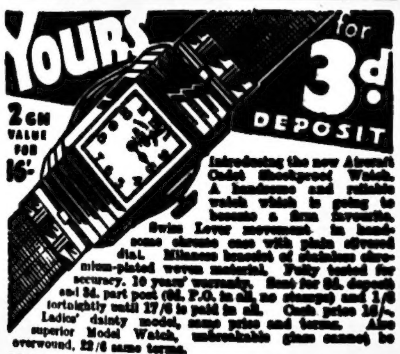

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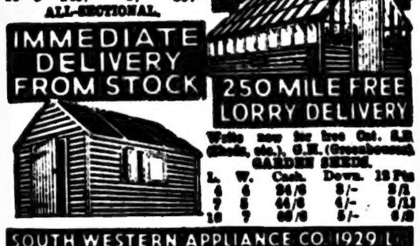

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250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for free Cat. S.R (Sheds, etc.), G.H. (Greenhouses) GARDEN SHEDS.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
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SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929) LTD.
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BABY CLOTHES

30/-

TESTIMONIALS ARRIVING DAILY FROM PURCHASERS OF MY IMPROVED LAYETTE. EXPECTANT MOTHERS—SEND TO ME NOW.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes 75 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkin Squares, Coveralls, etc.

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. R. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Another writes:— "The quality of all the things has amazed me. Not in London anywhere, although I live very near to one of the cheapest and best markets, can I see such lovely Baby Clothes at any price."

Whatever the pleasure
PLAYER'S
complete it

Business over for the day .... off to the Cinema to enjoy a world of thrilling drama or cheering comedy .... but always with Player's to set the seal on the evening's pleasure.

Player's Please IN

"JOHN BULL'S" NATIONAL WINDOW DISPLAY CONTEST

Three of the Prizes offered by the Proprietors of "John Bull" for the most effective displays have been awarded to competitors who used Player's Cigarettes and Tobaccos as a basis of their exhibit.

These include

3rd PRIZE OF £50 AND A BRONZE MEDAL

awarded to

Excels, 108 Gunnersbury Ave., Ealing, London, W.5

Waverley Stores, Lammas Street, Caermarthen
£5 . 5 . 0

Laurence H. Key, 31a Bridge St., Taunton, Somerset
£1 . 1 . 0

Messrs. Excels' exhibit consisted of a representation of battleship and submarine ingeniously constructed from packets of Player's 'Medium' Navy Cut Cigarettes with model of an aeroplane made from packets of Player's Navy Cut Tobacco hovering above. Two naval guns were shown by a clever manipulation of the familiar Player's Lifebuoy supporting large-size Player's Cigarettes set at an angle.

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

IN EVERY SCENE OF LIFE *Player's Please* IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
R.C.C.317.A

JOHN BULL's £1,000 National Window Display Contest RESULTS

THOUSANDS of shopkeepers all over the country enthusiastically co-operated with "John Bull's" tremendous drive "back to prosperity." The recent great £1,000 National Window Display Contest fired the imagination of everyone from the moment it was first announced. Entries were received from all parts of the country in the form of photographs of window displays—many of them remarkable for their ingenuity and selling power.

The general public, too, quickly appreciated the fascination of the special "Shopping Slogans" Contest, in which £100 was the first prize. Thousands of witty slogans were received from shoppers who were attracted by the various window displays.

The Committee of Experts appointed to judge the entries for "John Bull's" £1,000 National Window Display Contest consisted of Mr. Richard Harman, Editor of "Display"; Mr. Tom Purvis, the famous artist, and Mr. Russell Chapman, Secretary of the Advertising Association. Their task was by no means easy and the selection of the winners called for long and careful consideration.

The general result of this great contest has been the creation of better business and many enthusiastic retailers have written giving figures proving increased sales during the period of the Contest.

Evidence of this will be found in the special article which appears on page 34 of this issue of "John Bull."

Below "John Bull" announces the results of this great Contest.

First Prize of £1,000 and Gold Medal.

Messrs. A. L. GARDNER & CO.,
Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2, Yorks.
DISPLAY FOR GUINNESS.

Second Prize of £100 and Silver Medal.

Messrs. LETBE (Southfields), LTD.,
62, Brookwood Road, Southfields, London, S.W.18.
DISPLAY FOR GIBBS' DENTIFRICE.

Third Prize of £50 and Bronze Medal.

Messrs. EXCELS,
108, Gunnersbury Avenue, Ealing, London, W.5.
DISPLAY FOR PLAYER'S CIGARETTES.

£100 "Shopping Slogans" Contest.

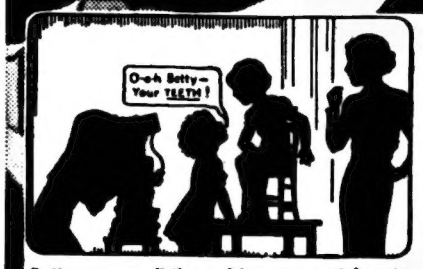
Mr. H. A. TATE,
"Parkside," 10, Southchurch Hall Close, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.
PRODUCT: Valor Oil Heater.
SLOGAN: "Off the Cold Standard with Valor."

Five Special £5 5s. Cash Prizes.

H. A. Martin, 286, Stratford Rd., Shirley, Warwickshire (*Colgate's Dental Cream*).
Mr. G. Lee, 15, Lynn Road, Portsmouth, Hants (*Bread*).
Waverley Grocery Stores, Lammas Street, Carmarthen (*Player's Cigarettes*).
Arthur D. Evans, Gwalia Stores, Ferndale, Glam. (*Shredded Wheat*).
Mr. W. Little, Pride O'Dairy, 110, Frederick St., South Shields, Durham (*Harris Bacon*).

Fifty £1 1s. Cash Prizes.

A. Fowler & Sons, Peterborough; W. Duncan, Ltd., Whitley Bay; W. H. Buckley, Northenden; Laurence H. Key, Taunton; Corporation Gas Show Room, Greenock; Southern Counties Stores, Ltd., Bournemouth; Houghton's, Chorley; Withnell's, Chorley; James D. Horsburgh, Thetford; James Blair, Glasgow; Arthur Hill (Exors.), Bedford; Arthur T. Bailes, Ltd., Bradford; Archard's Stores, Clapham; The Valley Pharmacy, Leicester; H. Kingham & Sons, Berkhampstead; F. J. Stork, Cardiff; T. L. Underhill & Son, Teignmouth; R. C. Hopkinson, Ltd., Thurnscoe East; Arcadia Drug Dept., Ashton-u-Lyne; Frank Granger, Southampton; W. Templeton, Newmaine; Hardware Stores, Talgarth; H. C. Walker, Acton, W.3; S. Robinson, Blaenavon; Angus Ring, Maidstone; J. A. Mills, Keighley; Bosworth & Carvell, Rugby; Messrs. W. Lefevre, Ltd., Canterbury; McHarrie Brothers, New Brighton; Handcroft Drug Stores, West Croydon; E. W. French, Dorchester; Smith's Shoe Shop, Canterbury; Bird's Cash Stores, Ramsgate; Bucklands, Amesbury; S. G. Collins, East Ham; W. S. Nokes & Son, Ltd., Leicester; S. & T. Trounson, Ltd., Redruth; G. Gray & Sons, Harpenden; H. Relfe, Morden; J. Morton, Glasgow; "Rambla" Café, Beverley; T. Whiting, Ipswich; Lancaster & Crook, Ltd., Bishop's Waltham; F. H. Wood, Sutton; Gent's Hairdresser, Keighley; N. W. Nett & Son, Whyteleafe; Young & Harrison, Palmers Green; W. N. Moore, Keighley; D. Llewellyn Jones, Colwyn Bay; P. L. Greenway, Thelwall.



Betty was so listless. Mummy sent her to stay with Auntie Barbara for a change. One day, as the cousins played "photographers" Betty was asked to "smile please!"

That gave Auntie a clue! She bought Betty some GIBBS Dentifrice. "Use it twice a day" she said, "Joyce will tell you why." So Joyce told about teeth being Ivory Castles.

. . . how Giant Decay tries to turn them into poison factories. But the GIBBS Fairies keep them safe by making them so clean. Soon, Betty seemed a different child.

Auntie had a *real* photograph taken to surprise Mummy. But Mummy's loveliest surprise was Betty, home again, rosy and happy. They all use Gibbs now!

Sound clean teeth go a long way to ensure health and happiness. That's where Gibbs Dentifrice is so valuable. Children love Gibbs and Gibbs is the world's best dentifrice — for grown-ups too! Watch how spirits improve, how clear and sparkling white the teeth become, as twice daily use of Gibbs Dentifrice becomes the family health habit. Change to Gibbs today.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES, *defend them with*—

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

SOLID CAKES In Tins. 7½d. 1/-. 1/6. Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes, 6d and 1/-.

GD112B

If you're smoking in a chain —
So your throat will not complain

Go — suck a ZUBE

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Friar's Balsam and other tried and homely remedies that are 'best for throat and chest'.

In flat tins 3d. and 6d.
2½d. per ounce loose.

EASIER THAN SCRUBBING
—more sanitary too!

Lavatory-scrubbing is unpleasant and unhealthy. Moreover, no brush can ever reach round that hidden bend in the pipe.

Just a sprinkle of Harpic, without any brushwork, keeps your lavatory spotlessly white and sanitary—free from odours. It sweeps right round the bend in the pipe — cleans *and* disinfects. Don't use dangerous acids. Use Harpic. In NEW EASY-FLOW TIN—6d., 1/-, 1/9d.

JUST A SPRINKLE OF
HARPIC
THAT'S ALL IT NEEDS

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

"I LIKE A PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE, AND KENSITAS* DOES NOT BOTHER MY THROAT"

June

June, the charming and beautiful actress, who will be starring in André Charlot's new Vaudeville Revue.

The *Costlier Virginia Tobaccos* used in Kensitas *plus* the Kensitas Private Process *(the Process that expels certain biting, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobaccos)* assure you a plain-tip cigarette that 1004 Doctors have agreed to be less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

Your Throat Protection. Against Irritation... Against Cough

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, February 8, 1936. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.
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Without Fear or Favour

A GRAVE *Poison* MENACE

WHENEVER a public issue arises which seems to require a change in existing legislation, the usual course is to appoint a Commission or committee of experts to advise the Government, and the Department concerned, about the form the change should take.

It is no new thing, of course, for Governments to ignore these committees altogether once their work has been completed and the report issued. The paths to Ministerial pigeon-holes are paved with dead recommendations.

A far worse thing, however, is to accept a Report as a basis for new law, and then, in framing it, to flout deliberately the main considered opinions of the experts.

The most glaring example of this for a long time is to be found in the new Poisons Rules, which now lie on the House of Commons table for the statutory thirty days before becoming law.

The actual date, however, on which these rules come into nation-wide application is May 1. But we hope that long before then every M.P. will have done his best to persuade the Home Secretary to make some radical alterations. For these reasons. . . .

Just over two years ago the Home Office appointed a Poisons Board to suggest changes in the existing regulations for the sale, supply, storage and transport of poisons. The Board was appointed only after great public pressure (in which JOHN BULL had some voice) and after demands by judges, coroners, the police and other official spokesmen. It was a galaxy of experts utterly impartial and free from trade affiliations of any kind.

☆ ★ ☆

IT reported last June, and one of its firmest recommendations was to limit the type of poisons and the conditions under which they could be sold by "listed sellers"—that is, unqualified persons like grocers, florists, seedsmen, pet shops, and so on.

The Board demanded that certain common corrosive poisons should be placed on Part I of the Poisons Schedule, so that they could be sold only by chemists under the conditions laid down for other dangerous poisons.

In the year 1934 (the last for which the Registrar-General's returns have been published) approximately 850 people died from the effects of poison.

Those figures and the returns for the previous eight years, which run into several thousands, had much bearing on the Board's decision.

It further demanded that while certain dangerous substances might be sold by such unqualified dealers, it should be done only under sealed packages "as received from manufacturers," with strict rules as to labelling, storage, and delivery after sale. These substances have caused 80 to 100 deaths annually in recent years.

☆ ★ ☆

THE Home Secretary has, in the new Poisons Rules, taken upon himself the grave and serious responsibility of completely disregarding this advice of the Board.

From now on, for five shillings a year, any tradesman may "list" himself with the local authorities and sell certain deadly poisons over the counter to anybody who asks for them. He need not bother about sealed packages; he can sell them loose.

One of these substances looks like sugar. The tradesman can weigh it out, wrap it up in paper, and send it off in the same parcel as the weekly groceries.

The possibilities of accident are increased a thousandfold. A toddler might open the parcel of foodstuffs and mistake the article for sugar; it may be spilled on the grocer's counter and swept into other foodstuffs by any ignorant assistant, or come loose in the delivery boy's basket—any of scores of risks that the Board's recommendations were designed to avoid.

The grocer's boy will be able to carry deadly poison in his basket with the rest of your groceries!

Another point bearing on accident possibilities in the new rules is that animal shops are to be permitted, apparently, to *sell any poisons whatsoever*, provided they are retailed "for animal purposes." The Board restricted these shops to certain poisons only.

Mr. Bentley Purchase, coroner for North London, in a recent statement in the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, admitted the great usefulness of certain poisonous substances as antiseptics and disinfectants, but declared that no public hardship would result from limiting the sale to people normally associated with health matters, namely, chemists.

Dr. Alfred Cox, Secretary of the British Medical Association for twenty years, also denounces these "free sale" clauses in the new rules.

They ignore, he says, the "whole psychological atmosphere surrounding the sale of poisons. . . . The average citizen knows that the chemist's shop is the place to which he naturally goes for dangerous and poisonous goods, and what he gets there, and should get *only* there, must be treated with respect. . . . One is left simply bewildered by the Home Secretary's action, and the same applies to the sale of animal medicines."

JOHN BULL holds no brief for either chemists or grocers in this matter. We are not concerned with the trade angle of the problem. We hold only the view that dangerous poisonous substances should be sold only by people qualified to handle them, and under the maximum safeguards that can be devised. A grocer's shop does not come within that category.

☆ ★ ☆

BUT there is a final aspect of the Home Secretary's action in ignoring the recommendations of the Poisons Board, and that has something to do with *political* good sense.

As Dr. Cox has stated: "One had imagined that the opinion of a body so carefully selected, carrying so much weight with all concerned, would be accepted with gratitude . . . This incident is likely to decrease the willingness of eminent and busy men to spend their time on subjects on which they are authorities, knowing that their advice is likely to be unknown. . . ."

The Home Secretary has not seen fit to tell the country who these unknown advisers are and the grounds for his alteration of his Board's recommendation.

In the few weeks that remain before the new rules become law we hope that the House of Commons will be able to get this information from him.

But more still, we hope that before the new rules are due to become operative he will have seen fit to alter a decision that constitutes a grievous public danger.

Beginning on this page next week . .

10,000 PUBLIC ENEMIES

. . . in which is revealed for the first time the astounding life of the gangster underworld.

This is the true inside story, more thrilling than any fiction, of the greatest fight against organised crime of all time—the cleaning up of gangsterdom in America by the famous "G" men.

BE SURE TO ORDER YOUR NEXT WEEK'S "JOHN BULL"!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Another Life for Doddering Magistrates—Why?

Lives Radio Could Have Saved

Inspiring Story of a Martyr

ONCE again a mountain has brought forth a mouse. Once more a body of eminent lawyers, sitting as a Royal Commission to consider legal reforms, has produced a report that falls woefully short of expectations.

Since Justice is the concern of us all, the authorities cannot complain if most people feel that a few laymen might have helped the luminaries of the law to arrive at more satisfactory results.

It is true that, after fifteen months' thought, the present Royal Commission has made certain recommendations. Its omissions, in our opinion, are more important.

Minor changes

It does not suggest any increase in the number of judges to deal with the great congestion of the courts. It recommends only minor changes in the county court and circuit systems.

Though it favours a retiring age of seventy-two for judges, there is still not a hint that our lay magistrates of eighty and ninety should relinquish their duties.

Though it advises that the chairmen of quarter sessions should possess legal training, there is no support for the general demand that *all* justices should have legal knowledge and experience.

The reason for these two omissions, of course, is that such subjects were beyond the Commission's terms of reference. But they provide far more urgent problems than delay in the High Court.

Bath-chair justice

We agree with the proposal that High Court judges should retire in the seventies. Their work is so responsible and so intricate that it demands a resilient mind such as few old men possess.

Objectors to this plan will no doubt cite the case of the late Mr. Justice Avory, who maintained his acute mental powers to the end of his very long life. Unfortunately, men like Avory are rare.

What is unpleasantly common is the type of broken and decrepit magistrate, utterly unfit to attend to judicial duties, who insists on taking his place on the Bench so long as he has enough strength to crawl into court. Indeed, we have known justices who, in the last stages of senile decay, have actually been wheeled into court in a bath-chair.

No sympathy

The new Children's Charter, designed to give a better chance to youthful offenders, has largely failed because of such aged and unsympathetic magistrates. It was intended that only those magistrates who are young enough to understand the problems and difficulties of youth should hear cases affecting young people.

In many courts, however, the spinsters and ancients have insisted on taking their places on the Bench when such cases are heard.

Ignorant

Again, if it is advisable that a chairman of quarter sessions should be a trained lawyer, it is surely as necessary that those who sit with him should possess legal qualifications.

Indeed, as our readers know, we have long advocated that every magistrate should be a lawyer.

No one disputes the Royal Commission's claim that in the High Court "the administration of justice has reached a very high level." It is in the ordinary court of summary jurisdiction, presided over by aged and ignorant J.P.s who may owe their appointment to political wirepulling, that the level of justice is often deplorably low.

And it is there that reform should begin.

Never again

A familiar face will be lost from the House of Commons this session.

As Prince of Wales, the new King often used to sit in his seat over the clock and listen to the debates. As Edward VIII, he can never enter the Chamber again.

Let him stick to his bath-chair and keep off the Bench.

On State occasions he will go to the Lords, to which the "faithful Commons" are summoned.

The Commons asserted their right to have no kings meddling in their affairs in the days of Charles I. We have different kinds of kings now, but this independence of the Commons is one of the keystones of the British constitution.

Coming Cabinet changes

Another Cabinet reconstruction will be made in the next few months.

Lord Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, will retire as soon as he has laid his new scheme for rebuilding the Navy before Parliament. Some of the minor Ministers will be changed round.

But for the death of King George, Mr. Baldwin would have given up the Premiership at Midsummer. Now he will carry on a little longer.

Before the end of this Parliament, however, Mr. Neville Chamberlain will take his place.

Sir Samuel again

And, as soon as the storm over the Hoare-Laval muddle has blown over, it is proposed to bring Sir Samuel Hoare back into the Cabinet.

It is suggested that he should take charge of the Navy to carry out the reconstruction plans that Lord Monsell has framed.

Reform

We understand, too, that Sir John Simon has big schemes in mind for improving the prisons. A start will be made with prison factories, where the men and women will work an eight-hour day under almost the same conditions that obtain in civil life.

It is believed that this system will help to restore their self-respect and train them for useful employment when they are released from jail.

No wireless

His colleague Mr. Walter Runciman should think about a different reform that is tragically overdue.

A short time ago the steamer *Kentbrook* left Plymouth for Portsmouth. On board were the captain and a crew of seven. But the *Kentbrook* never reached port and eight men went to their doom.

Like hundreds of her type, she did not carry wireless apparatus. For the law permits any vessels under 1,600 tons and that do not carry more than twelve passengers to be deprived of this vital means of calling for help when in danger.

Monstrous

Then, the other day, the steamer *Ardri* foundered in Cardigan Bay. The account of her loss states that "she flew distress signals, but, having no radio, was unable to make her plight known." It was quite by chance that a passing vessel picked up the survivors.

And what about the *Bradda*, wrecked in the Irish Channel? The sole survivor, giving evidence at the inquest on his five shipmates, said that they fired rockets and burned towels for two hours without success. Yet a wireless call, had it been possible, would have brought help immediately.

We say it is monstrous that any British ship, no matter what her size, should be allowed to put to sea without the safeguard of wireless.

Empty houses

Sir Kingsley Wood is congratulating himself on the progress with slum clearance. If he could see some of the letters we receive he might decide that the progress is still far from satisfactory.

One comes from an ex-Serviceman living at Stamford, Lincs, whose wife suffers from tuberculosis. Their house is damp, rain runs down the crumbling walls, the stairs are broken, doors and windows have to be patched up with rag and wood, and outside the front door is a stable.

Action was promised by the local authority in 1933. And there are council houses in the district standing empty!

Good for germs

Another ex-Serviceman writes from a sick bed in Lower Edmonton, London. He, too, is a victim of tuberculosis and is now afflicted with hæmorrhage of the lungs. One of his four children is also infected with the disease.

The children—three boys and a girl aged fifteen—sleep in one small room. There is no light in the house, food has to be cooked on an open fire, since there is not even an oven.

Bitter question

The father has made numerous applications for a council house, only to be told that he will not be able to afford the rent. Does Sir Kingsley wonder that this man writes bitterly "it seems to me that they want the disease to spread instead of checking it"?

A martyr passes

We must record the passing of a martyr—James Richard Scrimger, ex-soldier, of South Shields.

Wounded on the Somme in 1916, he had endured a living death for twenty years. He underwent thirty-six operations, and even when both legs and three fingers were amputated was never heard to complain. Though often in agony, he was described as the "jolliest fellow in Shields, with a cheery word for everybody."

That he should have declined to be buried with any military ceremony suggests that behind that gay and gallant front was a soul deeply scarred by the horror and futility of war.

Why the charge?

Influence is again being brought to bear upon youngsters to enter publicly conducted examinations. Whether the passing of them is of any use is open to discussion. One indisputable fact is that a fee has to be paid.

For example, young people in the junior evening institutes in London are urged to pay a fee of 3s. 6d. to enter certain examinations. Many of these pupils belong to poor homes that can ill afford such a sum.

Why cannot the L.C.C. conduct its own examinations without fee? There are plenty of teachers with time to spare, or out of employment, to act as examiners. And its own examinations would tell it more about what is being done than the report of an independent body.

Heartless

Much indignation is being vented in the Cheshire town of Gatley. And no wonder!

A boy was killed by a 'bus while on his way to school. The Cheadle ambulance was called, but a policeman refused permission for it to remove the body to Cheadle mortuary, since the tragedy occurred fifty yards over the Manchester boundary.

Three-quarters of an hour elapsed before the Manchester ambulance arrived; meanwhile, the bereaved father had to identify his child while the body still lay on the road.

The real shame

The vicar of Gatley, voicing the general disgust, asserts that "it is not the first time this has happened." Two years ago the bodies of a man and a young woman lay in the road for a couple of hours.

We are aware that in the present case no blame can be attached to the ambulance driver. The real responsibility rests with the officious, petty, hidebound and heartless system that makes such disgraces possible.

Homes of happiness

No more will fear of the future haunt the aged of Northumberland if an official scheme is adopted by the county council.

Model homes in model villages, with special accommodation in charge of a qualified nurse for those who are ill—such, in brief, is the happy prospect opened to Darby and Joan.

The public assistance authority, indeed, plans to abolish the present "poorhouse system" for the aged. Only the hard of heart will refrain from wishing it success and hoping that every other county will follow its example.

The Fragrant Minute

WEALTH OF FRIENDSHIP

ONE man boasted of his wealth, and another of his health. "I'm so wealthy, I can buy anything that takes my eye. I can travel here and there; never know financial care." Thus the rich man spoke with zest. "I am wealthy, therefore blest."

"I am healthy, very strong, never tire the whole day long. I can work for hours on end. Still have energy to spend. Illness is unknown to me," said the strong man boastfully.

Then another raised his voice. "I have reason to rejoice. Purse is slender, I confess. Always striving to spend less. Far from perfect is my health, yet I claim the greatest wealth. I possess devoted friends. On friendship, happiness depends."

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from readers. Address letters to her, c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Our Brain Trust Fiasco

★ by Francis Williams the Economic Authority ★

WHAT is the mystery of the once-famous but now forgotten Economic Advisory Council of the British Government? That is a question which urgently needs answering in the public interest.

This British Brain Trust was formed just six years ago at the beginning of 1930 with a very considerable flourish of trumpets. It consisted of Cabinet Ministers and distinguished economic and industrial experts, and it was to examine the whole economic position of the country.

It was to have the privilege of reporting direct to the Cabinet. And the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Board of Trade and the Minister for Agriculture were *ex-officio* members and were to attend its meetings.

A White Paper issued to explain the reasons for the setting up of this important body declared that its purpose was to advise the Government on all economic matters, to make a continuous study of developments in trade and industry, and the use of national and imperial resources with a bearing on the increased prosperity of the country.

The Committee was, in fact, to be a great planning organisation which would draw up important schemes of national development and economic and industrial reconstruction, upon which the Cabinet would be able to act without delay, and thus increase the wealth and well-being of us all.

In order to show just how considerable a part it was destined for, and how close was to be its link to the Cabinet, Mr. Tom Jones, Deputy Secretary of the Cabinet, and one of the most important Civil Servants, was appointed Secretary of the Council.

That was in January, 1930, six years ago. How different is the picture to-day.

The Council is still, it would appear, in existence, but it has become very shy and coy. Nominally its home is in Whitehall—No. 2, Whitehall Gardens, to be precise—but there is no name-plate on the building to indicate that such a body exists.

It shares, in fact, the offices of the Committee for Imperial Defence, receiving, it would appear, the occasional odd moment of a feminine member of the staff of that organisation and one or two junior clerks.

Why has such a fate befallen this highly important Cabinet creation?

Nobody can say that this country is so prosperous, that the tragedy of unemployment has so disappeared that there is nothing more for an Economic Advisory Council to do. Yet there it is, tucked away in an unconsidered corner of another organisation's offices with never so much as a murmur coming from it as the days pass and prosperity still remains a distant goal.

LET us just consider the hopes that were placed on this Council when it was first started. Such consideration deepens the mystery of the present position—a mystery which it is time the Government was asked to solve.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister at the time the Council was formed. And this is how he described its function at a great meeting in the Albert Hall just before the final details of its formation were completed.

"Everything related to the active co-ordinated life of this country will," he said, "be the subject of consideration by the new brain we are to organise.

"Roads will be built as a system, bridges broken and reconstructed, railways reconditioned, drainage carried on, afforestation advances made, coasts protected, houses built, emigration dealt with, Colonial economic expansion carried out."

There was to be nothing half-hearted about it, you see. It was to carry through a really comprehensive and intelligent planning of our national economic life for the general benefit. Enough there, one would have thought, to keep any Council busy for more than six years.

Not only did the preliminary trumpets sound loud and long for this British Brain Trust, which was for the first time in history to put the relationship between the Government and economic affairs on a really scientific basis, but the Committee itself started off well.

Besides five members of the then Cabinet (Mr. MacDonald, Lord Snowden, Mr. J. H. Thomas, the late Mr. W. Graham and Lord Noel-Buxton) there was an extremely distinguished body of experts on the Council.

They included economists like Mr. J. M. Keynes, Sir Josiah Stamp, Mr. G. D. H. Cole and Professor R. H. Tawney; trade union leaders like Mr. Ernest Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine; bankers and industrialists like Sir Andrew Duncan, Sir John Cadman, Sir A. Lewis, Sir E. Debenham; and Sir William McLintock, the distinguished accountant.

Agriculture was represented by Sir D. Hall, Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture; consumers by Mr. W. R. Blair, then a director of the Co-operative Wholesale Society; and science by the late Sir W. Hardy.

Every effort, therefore, appeared to have been made to get a thoroughly representative and expert body which would immediately be able to get down to the business of planning industry and agriculture with a view to increasing employment, raising wages and improving the standard of living of the people of Great Britain and its position as the world's greatest international trading power.

Moreover, to show that this time business was really meant, the Council got going with unusual promptitude, the first meeting being held on February 17, 1930, at No. 10, Downing Street, when arrangements were made for monthly meetings.

And then suddenly silence fell. Why it did is one of the great political mysteries of the present time, and one which so far remains unsolved.

BY December, 1930, questions were being asked in Parliament as to what the Economic Council was doing. There was no reply. They became more frequent in 1931, but the only satisfaction the House of Commons received was to be told by the Prime Minister that reports were confidential and only for the consideration of the Cabinet. To the query as to what use the Cabinet was making of such reports no answer was given.

Then came the economic crisis, with the result that there were a number of resignations from the Council, including that of Mr. Ernest Bevin. But the Council remained in existence, and was indeed strengthened by the addition of Sir Arthur Salter, former director of the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations; Sir Ernest Simon, one of the foremost housing experts in the country; and Mr. E. Riddle, a director of the C.W.S.

Sir Josiah Stamp and (right) Mr. J. M. Keynes, two of the original members of the "Brain Trust." What are they doing now?

The Council did, indeed, in August, 1932, break its long silence, but only with an unimportant report whose chief purpose was to recommend that various industrial research organisations should continue to receive a Government grant despite the economy campaign. The mountain had laboured and brought forth a half-dead mouse.

After that effort silence fell once more for another two years, at the end of which a report on Cattle Diseases, which could have been done just as easily by officials of the Ministry of Agriculture, came forth.

Since then a heavy blanket of complete mystery has fallen over the whole body.

But although the Government has apparently no longer any knowledge of it, it still exists with a half or quarter-time staff in Whitehall Gardens. And somehow or other it still apparently costs the British taxpayer between £5,000 and £6,000 a year.

ENQUIRIES in Whitehall Gardens as to what the Council is doing, and who the members of it now are, meet, however, with the stony official reply, "The matter is confidential and no public statement can be made."

JOHN BULL, in the name of the taxpayer who provides for the upkeep of this mysterious body, and even more in the name of the unemployed, who are still waiting for national schemes which will set industry on its feet again and give them the right to obtain work and maintain their families in decency, and in the name of those who are living in appalling slums while nothing effective is done about national housing, demands that this veil of secrecy shall be torn aside.

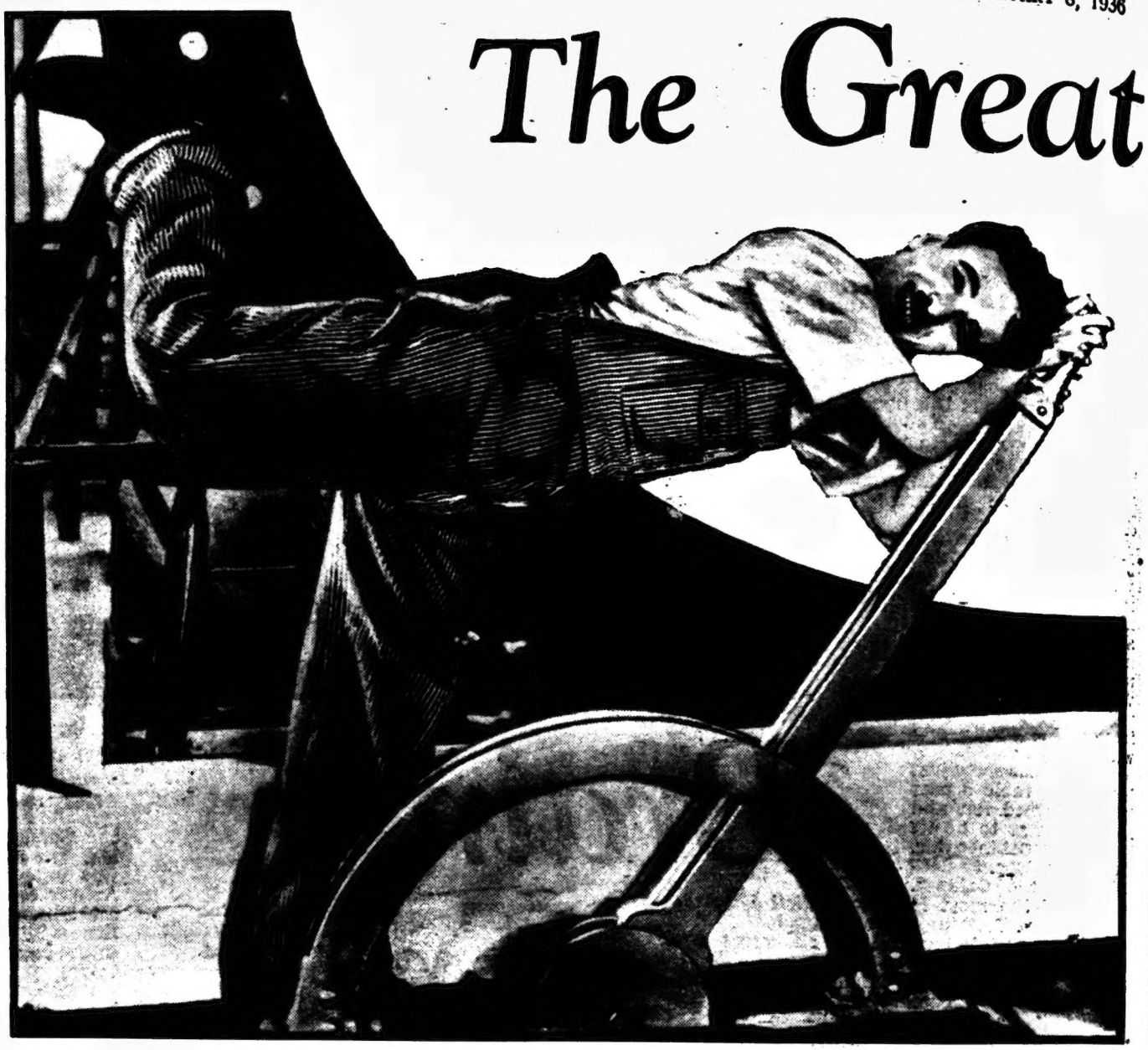
The British public has a right to know what proposals, if any, for economic reconstruction the Council has produced and why, if such proposals have been made, no action has been taken.

There are good grounds for believing that in actual fact distinguished members of the Council have again and again protested against the nullification of all their efforts, and that several resignations have taken place as a result.

That this body representing the best economic brains in the country should have been pushed into a corner and forgotten at a time when planned national development is more needed than ever before, is not only one of the major political mysteries but also a serious public scandal.

The Government should be required, without further delay, to tell the public what the true position is.

The Great



"One minute he is fooling delightfully on the floor of the set, the next he is in chronic despair." These two pictures, one a scene in his new film . . .

CABLES between England and America have been kept buzzing during the last few weeks over the mystery of a million pounds' worth of celluloid.

It represents the film, "Modern Times," to which Charlie Chaplin has devoted his mental and physical efforts since March, 1932, and which London has been promised, at various times, for the following dates:—

September, 1933.
Boxing Day, 1933.
Christmas Day, 1934.
January, 1935.
Autumn, 1935, and
December 16, 1935.

Until last week, nobody seemed to know where it was!

Now it is announced that it will be shown "definitely" on February 11.

It is the first definite news since the premiere announcement for December 16 was postponed. We were then regaled with stories of how a representative of the London Tivoli dashed across the American continent to secure a first-run of at least twenty weeks, with pictures of his meeting the great little funny man and tit-bits of what was said.

Anyhow, when December 16 came, *there was no "Modern Times."*

"Opening day cancelled," announced the Tivoli, and "Postponed till January," said United Artists, Chaplin's own film company—just lightly, like that, without a mention of the frenzy of cabling that was going on behind the scenes.

No idea

That meant yet a seventh promise as to when England would see the film in which Chaplin is said to take his place as one of the greatest social satirists of all time—a Dean Swift, Defoe, Addison or Steele of the films.

Now February is here. What of "Modern Times"?

We can reveal that just a month after the cancellation of the Tivoli *première* the theatre company and the London headquarters of United Artists, far from being able to announce yet an eighth date, hadn't the foggiest idea where the film was *or whether it was finished or not.*

And weeks after that the Tivoli company told JOHN BULL: "The position now is that we couldn't show it before well into February even if it arrived. We are starting another film next week, and that will run for two or three weeks at least. Oh! these funny men!"

At the same time a London representative of United Artists said, "We have got beyond prophesying. We just know nothing. All we can do is to send upstairs for you to see if a last-minute cable has arrived from Chaplin, and if it has I'll tell you all about it. Just wait a minute."

And thirty seconds later all he could add to his statement was: "There's not a darned word."

No wonder people were beginning to wonder whether Chaplin had really made another film.

At least they will know that he has when they can actually see the three years' work of the enigmatical little funny man on the screen before their eyes.

Not publicity

Well, what is the mystery behind all this hedging and delay, and the keeping in the dark, as to the progress of the film, of theatre and other executives who have a perfect right to know?

A publicity stunt comes at once to the mind. It can be dismissed at once because it has been made quite clear to Chaplin that Press and public is becoming so impatient that the reception of the film is bound to suffer. United Artists are very worried.

In fact, "not another word about the Chaplin film until it is definite" was made a rule in one of our leading newspaper offices.

Another solution advanced is that Chaplin was dissatisfied with the film. There is this amount of truth about that—the world-famous comedian, who vacillates between the crests of supreme optimism and the troughs of despair, found himself gloomy about its chances whenever it was due to leave the studio, and couldn't resist tinkering with it.

But the real explanation of the mystery has to do with the extraordinary mental make-up of Mr. Charles Chaplin.

Those mental processes are revealed in the film itself—which, as a result, the biggest newspaper monopoly in the United States has unhesitatingly described as sheer Bolshevism.

Chaplin has made this newest film of his as a bitter protest against the drilling and marshalling and dragooning of human life which is called Civilisation.

In particular his protest is against that part of the industrial system which imposes schedules and time-limits, which on the one hand will expect a creative artist to finish a job within a day or a month, and on the other expect the working classes to do the same thing at the same hour of every day in their lives.

The contempt he feels for the routine of modern life—and which finds expression in the film—he feels also for the people who expect him to finish what he believes is his masterpiece by a given date.

The directors of his company, the executives who must explain away his delays, the newspaper critics who wax caustic about his procrastinations, the theatre managers who talk of keeping faith, the public itself—he does not feel a contempt for them as individuals, but he does for the strange idea which they share that a man—any man, not only Charlie Chaplin—should move with the smoothness and certainty of a machine.

"I'm not making sausages. If I were I couldn't guarantee that I'd turn the handle at a certain speed to-morrow," is his answer to people who wanted him to give a date of completion.

And hence the mystery of "Modern Times." He reserves the right to do with his film just what he likes, and if other people are sufficiently slaves of civilisation to make definite promises as to dates—well, they can put up with the consequences.

Mellow voice

And now let us follow Chaplin through the four years in which his newest film has been evolving in his brain or on the floor of his twenty-five years out-of-date studio at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and La Brea Avenue, Hollywood.

He went back to his four-acre lot, which more resembles a row of English cottages than a studio, determined to stick to silent films, or, anyhow, as near silent as he could afford to make them, and this despite the fact that he has a remarkably rich and mellow speaking voice.

He is sufficient of a business man to know that the silent film is international. He remembered 1,300 kinemas in Japan alone which are unwired for Talkies, and in which, even if they were, Hollywood accents certainly wouldn't be understood.

He returned to America knowing that there is a 400,000,000 world audience for such silent films as "City Lights"—and only 30,000,000 for a Talkie masterpiece in the English language. Chaplin may not be a business-like business man, but he is not blind to such advantages as that.

Well, what silent film would he give them next? That was the next consideration. The little man with the baggy trousers and big boots, *of course.* And yet why "of course"?

Chaplin went back to Hollywood knowing that the little Chaplin figure could not outlast more than two or three silent pictures, at most.

He would make two more such films of *himself*—three at most. And so he would make them slowly. (Yes, don't forget that Chaplin *can* work quickly. He has appeared in more than sixty films in all!)

First he would make the little man of his creation a little less lovable than he has been before, and in the second—probably the last Chaplin film ever—give him a full ration of human failings. Only by doing that with him could his creator get him to live in human memory.

That fixed in his mind, Chaplin turned to the question of plot, of which more later.

Meanwhile, let us look at the little man at work—the man whom the German Minister Goebbels called "a nasty, fidgeting little Jew, not yet hanged."

At Golden Acres, as Hollywood nicknames the Chaplin studios, Charlie employs the same technicians, the same carpenters, the same men-of-all-trades, as worked there when films began. Death has denuded their numbers, and Charlie has refilled the ranks.

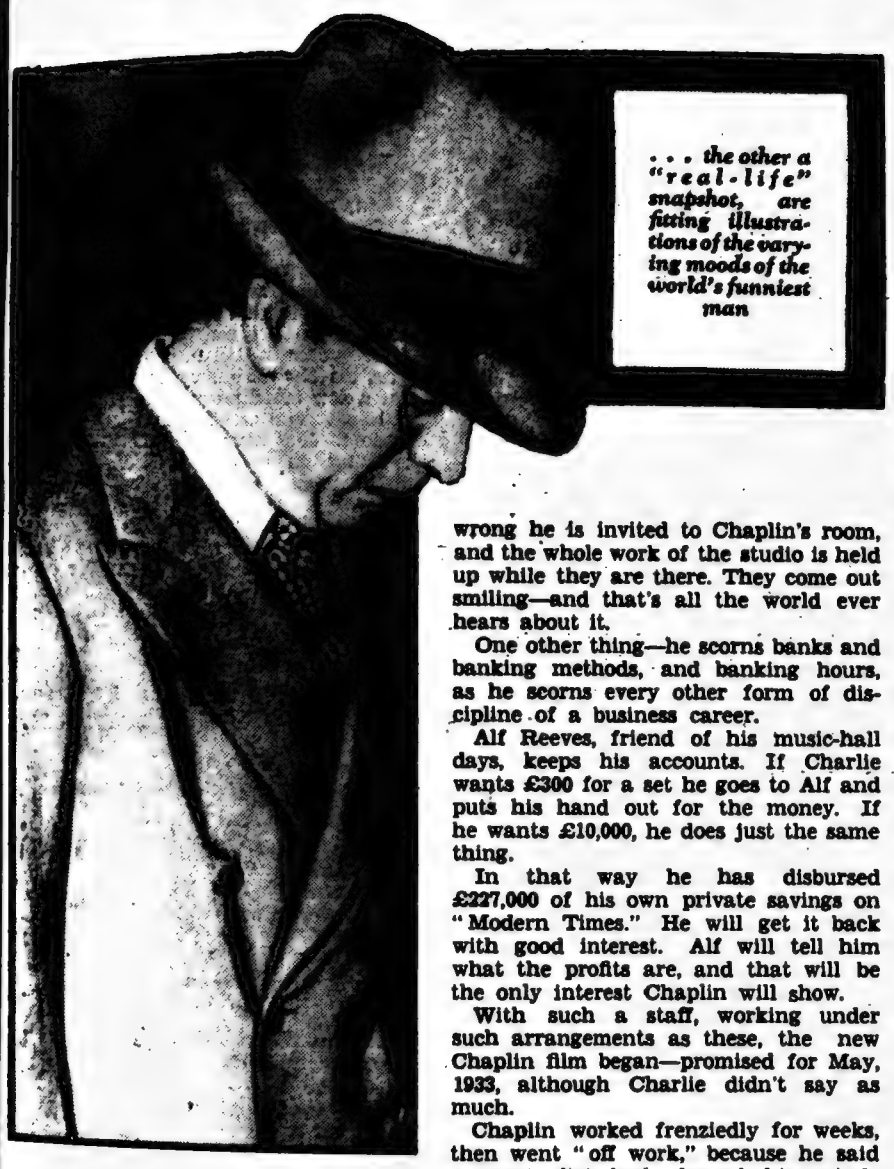
"Their clock"

They have turned grey, that's all. And so has Charlie.

They do not work to the clock. They never did. Chaplin would not have them do so. They drift in during the morning to see if Charlie has arrived, and, if there is no sign of him coming, resort to cards or other time-killing expedients.

If their employer does arrive, they drift away again when they have done what he expects of them. Charlie's

CHAPLIN Film MYSTERY



. . . the other a "real-life" snapshot, are fitting illustrations of the varying moods of the world's funniest man

whims and fancies are their only time-piece.

They call him Charlie. He calls them Tom, or Al, or Ben. They must make no excuses for absence or lateness. Either they are worth employing—with all their good points and bad considered—or they are not. If they had not been, he would have found them out within a month.

They don't know how their work fits in. Charlie just tells them what he expects, and they carry out his orders. They don't necessarily know modern film methods. Charlie himself keeps pace with all developments.

They don't even know the story of the film he is working on.

Nor do the other artists, entirely. Nor does Charlie, really. Hitherto he has always worked without a written word, moulding his characters as the film progresses, working "off the cuff" as far as script is concerned.

Even with "Modern Times" his written matter has been of the skimpiest.

They know that if he leaps from his car on his arrival, they are in for a day of film-making. Conversely, if he arrives huddled up and lethargic, it is going to be film *un*making, tearing to pieces all the work of the past week.

And one thing they can be sure of is that Chaplin will never bully or browbeat them. If a man does anything wrong he is invited to Chaplin's room, and the whole work of the studio is held up while they are there. They come out smiling—and that's all the world ever hears about it.

One other thing—he scorns banks and banking methods, and banking hours, as he scorns every other form of discipline of a business career.

Alf Reeves, friend of his music-hall days, keeps his accounts. If Charlie wants £300 for a set he goes to Alf and puts his hand out for the money. If he wants £10,000, he does just the same thing.

In that way he has disbursed £227,000 of his own private savings on "Modern Times." He will get it back with good interest. Alf will tell him what the profits are, and that will be the only interest Chaplin will show.

With such a staff, working under such arrangements as these, the new Chaplin film began—promised for May, 1933, although Charlie didn't say as much.

Chaplin worked frenziedly for weeks, then went "off work," because he said a meat diet had clogged his mind; worked frenziedly for weeks more, and then went off work again because a vegetarian diet was interfering with his mental processes!

He found a diet that was going to knock six months off the making of the film—and then despaired because that diet was going to delay production by at least a year!

Sometimes he was head of his company, sitting in a plain little room, at a deal desk, with a caricature of himself on the wall, and an ancient photograph of himself, with high collar, over the mantelpiece. If one forgot the secretary and typist in the corner who made up his private staff, it looked more like a domestic parlour.

Joy and despair

Sometimes he was on the floor of the studio fooling delightfully one minute and the next drawing his hands through his iron-grey hair in chronic despair as soon as the eyes of the camera had shut on him.

And at morning times you would see him in his projection theatre—a mission-hall like place with an old, shiny saddle-back chair from which Chaplin, and Chaplin alone, could survey the results of the previous day's "shooting."

And so, all too slowly for Hollywood, but sometimes all too fast for the man to whom time means nothing, "Modern Times" took shape. Different from other Chaplin films because there are steam-whistle and other effects in it, and—although it is only in gibberish—Charlie actually sings.

It is quite a simple story, representing to the extent of about 60 per cent. what Charlie would have it as an artist, and to the extent of about 40 per cent. what concession he is prepared to make to non-artistic people.

In it Charlie is seen as a vagrant who sees new hope in life when he gets caught up by Civilisation.

Life as perfected by Man is going to do great things for him, he thinks, as he gets a job in a modern automobile works, and—well, we shall see.

He has a time to get up in the morning, a time to start, a time to finish, a time to go to bed. So much for modern improvements.

Terrific speed

As No. 54632—an American workman in the years of the Depression—he must bend over a conveyor eight hours a day, going through the two motions necessary to fix a bolt, and knowing all the time that if he stops work for as much as a second the whole work of a factory, the labours of hundreds of men, will be negatived.

All day Charlie goes through his two operations. The machine sets the pace—he is the automaton. The speed is terrific.

He broods as to what might happen if he missed a single bolt. Before he can get control himself he has done so, and the damage has been done.

He struggles to reach the missed bolt, and misses more. His nerves give way to hallucinations, his hallucinations to frenzy.

There surges in him that idea that has come to most men, as surely as the idea of marrying a fairy prince comes to the average small girl. Why not touch every button, pull every lever, touch off every gadget of the monster machines that have got him in their clutches? Why not hit back at life through these shining monsters?

So he touches a thousand buttons, jams a thousand levers, and, with Charlie in flight from it all, you have the most magnificent of all the Chaplin films ever made.

He dashes past the wash-rooms, in which, as a mark of civilisation, he has been allowed to rinse himself at the same bowl in the same minute of the same hour of every day. The rows and rows of shining bowls are as mocking as the machines.

He seizes the red flag of a steam-roller; finds himself gathered up, somehow, in a procession of unemployed: comes to his senses in a prison cell that seems to offer rest and then shows itself as just another part of a system in which men are drilled and marshalled and dragooned and made to do the same tasks at the same hours of every day.

Crushed by progress

And so at last the little vagrant, bruised and cut from his impact with life, crushed by the things that have been done in the name of Progress, escapes from civilisation at last—as a cave man!

Bolshevism? Well, the Hearst newspapers say so. There, in brief, is the story. You shall judge—some day.

Sufficient to say that life is trying to do with Charlie what he has portrayed it as doing with his pathetic Little Man.

They have been worrying him with cables. A promise is a promise. You can't play about with the public, and so on.

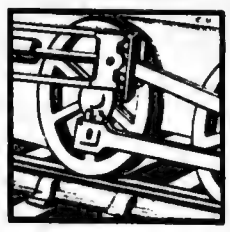
As for Charlie, he is trying to live in a one-man Utopia, a Utopia in which there are no such things as schedules and time-tables and clocks.

But cables have been reaching Utopia—indignant cables, pleading cables.

Have they made him get a move on? If so, Charlie has had to be a real-life workman No. 54632!

The Human Machine

Display and Effect



IT is always a mistake to confuse "hustle" and accomplishment. Hustle is not a sign of efficiency. It is an equal mistake to regard repose as the same thing as indolence.

Hustle, tearing up and down, rampaging round with a terrific show of energy, may impress the ignorant. It will never deceive those who know. It is nearly always the very reverse of efficient accomplishment. A noisy machine is rarely one that is giving out its best work.

It is possible to produce a vast amount of action for a very small amount of energy, as long as the energy is well controlled and directed. The most efficient men and women are not those who make the greatest display of doing their jobs.

They are those who have learned to make the right moves and omit to make wrong ones, those who have all their thoughts and actions under rigid control.

There is a vast difference between hard work and working hard. Hard work may involve working hard, but it needn't necessarily do so. It depends on you. It depends on how well you have trained yourself to do a job. It depends on how much you know of the quite incredible powers of the human machine when it has a competent mind in control of it.

There is no merit whatever in measuring the quantity of energy expended on a job. The only meritorious measure is the ease with which you work—the balance between what is done and the energy you have to put out to do it.

To do a lot with a little effort is far cleverer than to do a little with a lot of effort. It is even cleverer than to do a lot with a lot of effort.

That is why it is important to avoid confusing repose with laziness. To be calm, to think, to plan and plot out your way in advance, is to save endless wasted efforts. People who sit down and think out a job before they start in to tackle it are not wasting either their time or that of anyone else. They are saving it in the long run.

What tires us when we are working is not the work. It is the energy most of us have to expend in resisting the endless distractions that would hinder us if we listened to them. If we could be deaf to them, we should have all that energy stored up for useful work.

You may not quite see this at first sight—but you will, if you think about it in relation to yourself and any job you have just done!

JOHN BULL'S *Open Letter to* MR. HUGH RUTTLEDGE

On Top of the World, to You!

DEAR RUTTLEDGE,—Though all the earth is mapped and the very poles are charted, no foot has yet been set upon the utmost peak of the roof of the world. Expedition after expedition has attacked Mount Everest since 1921, but all have been defeated by snow and mortal cold and that terrible thin air which cheats the lungs.

Now, in your fifty-second year, you are on your way to lead another band of dauntless adventurers upon the same high quest.

People have sometimes wondered what you and other pioneers hope to gain by taking up the fearful challenge of the Himalayan heights. They remember that twelve years ago George Mallory and Andrew Irvine perished almost within sight of their goal.

They recall the desperate gallantry of young Maurice Wilson, who attempted to reach the summit alone and never returned.

And they say, knowing nothing of the spirit which animates you, that it is foolish to risk further lives upon the conquest of a mountain whose most inaccessible fastnesses have already been photographed from the air.

* * *

They do not understand that when the Marquess of Clydesdale and Flight-Lieutenant McIntyre twice flew over the peak during the Houston expedition of 1933 they did no more than spur the ambition of climbers like yourself. Theirs was a fine achievement, but it left the challenge of the highest mountain unanswered.

I hope and believe that you will conquer Everest this year, and my regard for you is all the greater because the final thrill of triumph will not be for you personally, but for those colleagues of yours who will be picked to make the last life-or-death dash to the top of the mountain.

If your plans mature, you will establish a seventh camp one-third of a mile beyond Camp Six, the highest of the 1933 expedition, which you also commanded.

Two men, I suppose, will be chosen among your best climbers (Smythe, Shipton and Wyn Harris, who reached over 28,000 feet last time, and Kempson, Warren, Wigram, Oliver and Gavin, all proven men at great altitudes) to sleep one night in that camp. And then to attempt the final climb—a mere 1,200 feet!—up that terrible gully of ice-covered rock which has been named the Great Couloir.

In that last climb every step is leaden-weighted, every breath laboured, every hold treacherous, and the black abyss drags like a magnet. At that height a man must needs draw five deep breaths for every upward step.

The heavy oxygen equipment is also a further impediment, and I recall that in 1933 Smythe toiled furiously for an hour and progressed no more than fifty feet. He had to turn back then, and it was well he did so, for within an hour a sudden storm arose in which, had he continued, he would have perished.

These sudden storms and the furious winds that strip the upper shoulders of the giant mountain clean of snow to the bare rock-face are but two of the many perils you and your comrades are so eager to face.

Even so, for all who live softly, there might be greater terror in the thought that to reach the top camp means a five weeks' climb, with no wash or change of clothes and little comfort of nights, when men huddle, booted and fully clad, into their sleeping bags.

* * *

At one stage in this adventure your only link with the outside world will be the short-wave radio station at Camp 5, 25,700 feet above sea level. It will be from that camp, I suppose, or from the North Col, a little lower down, that you will watch with your telescope the ultimate efforts of the two men chosen to ascend the last untrodden slopes.

Or *are* they still untrodden? It is just possible that Mallory and Irvine stood for a few thrilling moments on Everest's topmost peak. That can never be known, for they did not return and nothing but one lost ice-axe was ever found to mark where they had passed.

Lives wasted that might have been useful? No; for the end is not yet!

Success or failure counts but little in the hearts of the pioneers. For others will follow in the roads which they have opened up, and as long as we continue to breed men of the true adventurer's spirit the goal must be achieved, soon or late.

And so, good weather and God-speed!

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir CECIL HANBURY,
M.P. for North Dorset

DEAR SIR CECIL,—You have sent £100 to the Italian Red Cross as a token of sympathy with "Fascist Italy and her magnificent soldiers." You also express your disgust at "iniquitous Sanctions" and you protest against "the barbarous system used by the Abyssinians towards the heroic Italian soldiers."

And I want to express my satisfaction that the greater part of the world is determined to continue the Sanctions you condemn. Above all, I rejoice that the British public regards the system used by the Italians as something akin to barbarous Prussianism at its worst.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM CHETWOOD,
Nantwich, Cheshire

DEAR SIR,—Your attack on the local unemployed is described as "scathing criticism." Most people, I fancy, will have another word for it.

You think out-of-work men should have volunteered to clear the streets of snow, and you think they forgot "the ratepayers were helping to keep them in their idleness." So, it seems, you are disgusted with them; among other observations, you declare that you "don't think there is a spark of shame among them."

I trust that many people in Nantwich will feel more than a spark of shame at your astonishing outburst.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. SPENCER NOAKES,
Archdeacon of Derby

DEAR ARCHDEACON,—A new Bishop of Derby has been appointed, though you say that the position killed the last holder and that it is more than any man's strength can stand for long.

But I note that the new prelate will have the help of an assistant. May they both escape the fate of being worked to death!

JOHN BULL.

The BOROUGH COUNCILLORS,
West Bromwich

SIRS,—What is your answer to the allegation that your saving of a few coppers has cost a man his life? At 7.20 on a recent morning visibility was reduced to a few yards owing to the extinguishing of some of your street lamps, with the result that a cyclist was killed by a bus.

Shoals of cyclists use your roads in the early hours, and it is high time you learned that lamps should remain alight while darkness prevails.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. COLIN F. CAMPBELL,
National Provincial Bank

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—More food for the people, not less—such is the policy you advocate.

You believe our rulers should improve the lot of the under-nourished, and that this would be a more satisfactory way of spending the money now devoted to subsidies and export bounties.

I am gratified that so important a figure in the banking world as yourself so clearly supports the view often expressed in these columns.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. F. ROWLAND DAWSON,
Bursledon, Hampshire

REVEREND SIR,—"A place for scandal and gossip, where men are just as bad as women, where nothing thrives."

So you describe the parish you are just leaving. I do not know whether your remarks are justified, but I am aware that they could be made against many villages.

Maybe the slowness of rural life encourages idle gossip, perhaps the entertainments offered by near-by towns discourages the villagers from starting their own social and sporting clubs. At any rate, I admire your courage in speaking your mind.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—You are to investigate the report that hundreds of unwanted British babies are being sold abroad.

I hope you will not be fobbed off with the excuse that they are going to approved homes.

There can be no supervision when once they leave the country, and the whole traffic should obviously be stopped.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCILLORS,
Dumfries

SIRS,—The villagers of Creca have had a fine time lately, being able to melt snow into water sufficient for their domestic purposes.

Now they are faced again with their old grievance of having to rely on a supply that has to be laboriously carried to them.

Yet, as you are fully aware, there is a piped supply running near by from the local reservoir. How much longer, in face of their protests, will you continue your attitude of "masterly inactivity"?

JOHN BULL.

Lord SWINTON,
Air Minister

MY LORD,—You do seem unfortunate in your choice of bombing grounds.

The latest spot to attract your roving eyes—Seahouses, on the Northumberland coast—is as good a fishery as the others you have selected. Experts believe that the livelihood of the villagers will be destroyed; naturalists are furious because the site is a birds' sanctuary.

I wish you could find an uninhabited island in the mid-Atlantic.

JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS,
Cunard-White Star Line

GENTLEMEN,—I am glad you have asked the owners of a small steamer to call it *Mauretania*, so as to preserve a great name until you want to use it again.

But what is this about the possibility of applying it to the next giant liner, the sister ship of *Queen Mary*?

Let us have a *George V*, for that would surely be more fitting.

JOHN BULL.

The FISHERY BOARD,
Scotland

GENTLEMEN,—At last you have started what promises to be an effective campaign against the private fishermen who have long been a bitter annoyance to the law-abiding fishers on the North-East Coast.

Your new patrol boat will be camouflaged and with her extra speed will be able to round up any errant boats and put the fear of the law in them.

Well, better late than never.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—I hope you will heed the criticisms levelled against your Department for failing to cope with the recent glut of telegrams.

People were able to race their own wires by train. Telegraphists worked twenty-four hours and then, after a seven-hour break, had to resume.

Such incidents suggest that you are not increasing the staff commensurate with the new business you are attracting.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Halifax

YOUR WORSHIPS,—A few Benches have hastily condemned the new Money Payments Act because it increases the work of their courts.

To overcome this difficulty you and your brethren at Gainsborough have decided to open evening courts, which will deal with matrimonial cases as well as with the non-payment of fines, rates and other debts incurred by people who cannot attend during working hours without loss of wages.

Your loyal acceptance of the spirit of the times will, I am sure, be copied by every other enlightened district.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. J. LEAMY,
Mayor of Lincoln

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Why is it, you wonder, that people leave towns and cities in search of sunshine only to build houses with small windows that keep the sun out?

Perhaps it has not occurred to you that you can have too much of a good thing—too much sun, for example—and too little privacy.

JOHN BULL.

Not a Gun Too Many!

Says— A. G. Gardiner

Standing by the League of Peace means that the League of Peace must be equipped with power to make warmakers hesitate

THE resumption of Parliament this week brings us back from the solemnities of recent days to the stern tasks that lie before us as a nation. It would not be easy to overstate the gravity of those tasks, or the weight of responsibility which rests upon the Government, and especially upon Mr. Baldwin, in regard to them.

There is one group of questions that overshadows all else in the critical days that lie before us. It is that relating to peace, rearmament, and the menace of war that hangs over Europe.

If I lay stress upon these matters it is not because the internal problems with which the Government will be called upon to deal are unimportant.

Grave evils

They are of the most profound importance. They were briefly indicated in the King's Speech which was read (in the absence of the late King) to the new Parliament when it was opened on December 3. They touch many of the gravest evils in our social and industrial system.

We are promised action in regard to that most urgent of all questions, the condition of the Depressed Areas, which have become a running sore and a shame in our public life.

Some attempt is to be made to redress the grievances in the coal trade by co-ordinating the selling arrangements of the industry, by the unification of coal royalties under national control, and by the introduction of new provisions for the safety of workers in mines.

Proposals for improved conditions for the unemployed and for the inclusion of agricultural workers in the insurance system are promised. There is to be a guaranteed State loan for the development of transport facilities, the long-delayed and urgent problem of the School Age is to be tackled, and there is an undertaking that slum clearance and similar social reform shall be speeded up.

In all these matters it will be the business of Parliament to see that the contract is honoured. Many of the schemes will cost money, but it will be money well spent. All expenditure in improving the condition of the people is reproductive expenditure. "The bread comes back in many days. An' buttered tu for sartin," as Hosea Biglow says.

But there is one form of expenditure which is waste, and it is that expenditure with which we are threatened on a scale beyond all previous experience in a time of peace. It is the expenditure on armaments.

Great factor

And it is this fact which brings us back to the subject that throws its sinister shadow over the new Parliament. Whatever is done in domestic legislation will be of little account if we fail in this momentous sphere of action.

And when I say "we," I do not mean that this country alone can save civilisation. That is in the hands of the Hitlers and Mussolinis as well as in ours. But the material and moral power of this country is still the greatest factor in Europe, and upon the wisdom or folly with which the Government exercises that power largely depends the course of events in this fateful year.

For it is and must be a fateful year. For good or evil, fateful. And the omens are unpromising. Internally, last year was a year of recovery. Externally, it was a year of menace and reaction.

We got better. The world got worse. Mussolini's adventure in Abyssinia shattered for the time being the hopes of collective peace and leaves Europe still shuddering on the brink of incalculable things. The full measure of Germany's rearmament is now known, and the shadow of Hitler, like that of Mussolini, falls challengingly across the face of Europe. The League of Nations, deserted or defied by the three great militarist nations—Japan, Germany and Italy—is fighting desperately to preserve the cause of collective peace.

All the nations, militant and pacific alike, are piling up armaments as they have never been piled before, from the Seine to the Danube, from the Danube to the Volga, from the Volga to the Sea of Japan. The Disarmament Conference is forgotten. The Naval Conference in London has been torpedoed by Japan.

First duty

It is a grim landscape. What part have we to play in it? We cannot ignore the perils. No Government could ignore them and survive a day. Even if Mr. Lansbury came into office with his slogan of "Lay down your arms" he would be overruled by his Party as he was overruled on the attitude of this country in the conflict between the League and Mussolini.

Defence is the first duty of Government. It is not a question of the Party in power. It overrides all Parties. Nowhere—perhaps not even in Germany—are armaments being more feverishly accumulated than in Communist Russia.

It is quite intelligible. She is sandwiched between a militarist Japan and a militarist and aggressive Germany. Not the least of the spectres that explain the tension of these days is the fear that at some moment those two militarist and aggressive Powers may join hands.

It is a fear that infects all minds that range over the immense field of possibilities. And it is only one of many fears.

I return to the question, What are we to do about it? In the great division of the world which we see shaping itself so visibly—the division between the nations that stand for the League and collective peace and the nations that stand for war as an instrument of policy—we are on the side of the League.

The nation has expressed itself in that sense in overwhelming terms. Every Party in the country shares that view—some with more enthusiasm than others. The Government shares it. There are a few followers of Lady Houston and Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere who do not share it, but every country has its museum pieces.

Power to fight

And standing by the League of Peace means that the League of Peace must be equipped with power to make the warmakers hesitate to set the world in a blaze, and with power to fight the flames and limit their devastation if the blaze is kindled.

Do not let us get muddled in sophistries. Do not let us confound in one anathema the Force that is used to stop war and the Force that is used to make war.

We might as well say that the bludgeon of the policeman and the gun of the gangster are equally criminal.

In this conception of the League, the duty of the Government on the great question of rearmament is clearly defined.

Our rearmament must be strictly limited by the needs of adequate defence. They must have no element of menace. Above all, they must be governed by the doctrine of collective security under the banner of the League.

There is hope

There will be attempts on the part of the military faction to defeat this doctrine. The Government must not yield to those attempts, and Parliament must take care it does not yield. The League, the whole League, and nothing but the League, must be its policy.

And side by side with the pursuit of this policy, the moral influence of the Government must be thrown into the constructive task of reconciling Europe, and preventing unrestricted competition.

So long as we can prevent competition there is hope. If the militarist nations see that they can never establish superiority the tide will turn. The Disarmament Conference will be brought out of cold storage. And collective peace will be in sight.

Not from the B.B.C.

Buzz Off, Jeeves

THOUGH heroines and heroes,
Like rabbits from their sleeves,
Our gifted authors bring, they none
Of them have proved such priceless fun
As Bertie Wooster's Jeeves.

Told of this prince of valets,
The envious reader heaves
A sigh as, clad in pants ill-pressed,
He sees himself transformed and dressed
In perfect taste by Jeeves.

But one there is this prospect
Half-dazed with terror leaves;
No fate more horrible can P.
G. Wodehouse picture than that he
Should be the boss of Jeeves!

Many readers of P. G. Wodehouse who, not having valets of their own, have to scrape along with an antique trouser-press and an unpaid account with a firm of allegedly invisible menders, must have yearned to possess an incomparable manservant like the imperturbable Jeeves. But the creator of Jeeves is not among the yearners.

When asked by an interviewer if he would like to have Jeeves for his own valet, the look of horror that appeared on Mr. Wodehouse's face seems to have been akin to the expression registered by the late Prometheus when the vulture looked in for a spot of lunch.

He would, he said, simply hate the idea. "I like to dress in flannel trousers and a sweater," P. G. announced. "Jeeves would never allow that. He would have me out of them and into a morning coat and sponge-bag trousers the first day he left Bertie Wooster!"

And although only a humorist like Wodehouse can afford to admit it, we suspect that many other authors would be similarly peeved by the prospect of hobnobbing with their own characters.

After five minutes in the company of a dismal Johnny like Hamlet, Will Shakespeare would probably have urged him to "Get thee to a pubbery" and himself have tootled off to keep a date with the Dark Lady of the Limericks.

Then, again, our old Holmes, sweet Holmes, is good company between the pages of a book, but who but an ass like "my dear Watson" could remain friendly with a bloke capable of deducing one's life history from the fact that one's third waistcoat button was missing?

The fact is that the perfect sleuth, like Mr. Wodehouse's perfect valet, and many an author's too, too perfect heroine, if encountered daily would become a perfect bore—a profound truth that has not escaped the notice of JOHN BULL's Poet Laureate:

I dote on the people one meets in books,
All of 'em larger than life;
Splendiferous heroes and clever crooks,
Who mingle in mimic strife;
Eccentric Princes and millionaires
And amateur sleuths in droves;
But though their deeds bring a pleasant glow,
I'm rather glad that the coves I know
Are ornery sort of coves.

There are ladies, too, who in books I meet
And of whom I never tire:
Vampires, with victims about their feet,
Who turn men's blood to fire;
Adventuresses and titled dames
Or a South Sea Island pearl,
I don't deny that I love the lot—
But I don't regret that the girl I've got
Is an ornery sort of girl!

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30 Max-the-Red MURDERS

Astounding Revelations

NOT long ago, in an exclusive exposure of certain international rogues, we unfolded the inner story of the life of Josephine Martin, known throughout the underworld as "French Fifi," who was found dead in her flat off Piccadilly, London.

Among other sensational revelations we named several of the leading figures in what has become one of the most powerful and dangerous white slave gangs.

Now "French Fifi" has leapt into the news again in sensational fashion, and her name has been linked with that of Emil Allard, otherwise Max Kessel—"Max the Red"—the scar-faced mystery man whose murder so far remains unsolved.

It now seems obvious that this woman, who had played an active part for years in the smuggling of French and Belgian girls into this country, was murdered.

She had on several occasions provided the police with information about the secret operations of numerous wealthy foreigners here, and it is believed that she was the victim of an act of vengeance on the part of those whose movements she helped to betray.

He knew!

Yet the real secret of her death, which is one of a series of gruesome fatalities forming part of a mysterious "White Slave Vendetta," has so far baffled Scotland Yard.

Though perfectly satisfied that Josephine Martin was slain by a man or men engaged in the white slave traffic the police have not been able to bring anyone to book.

But every effort to do so is being rigorously made. We can reveal that the search for clues is being continually pursued, and that a large number of alien women and men well known in the underworlds of London, Paris, Boulogne and Brussels, have been closely questioned by detectives about her activities and her long association with known undesirables.

Emil Allard *was one of the men who could have provided invaluable information about her.* He knew "French Fifi" well, and was actually with her only a few days before she met her end.

Now he, too, has been murdered—another victim of a strange vendetta which has involved something like thirty murders here and abroad during the past few years, many of which have never been solved.

From exclusive facts in our possession we are able to throw a flood of light upon the astonishing career of Emil Allard. His real name has been given as Max-well Kessel, but since he first came to London just before the war, he has passed in many aliases, including those of Angelo, Emerald and Washman.

On his arrival here in 1913 he claimed German nationality. Actually, he was a "hunted" man then, and a criminal file had been begun about him at the headquarters of the French police. He figured in a big pre-war scandal which arose out of the sale of French girls to establishments of ill-fame in Buenos Aires, as the result of which he found it necessary to abscond from South America to France.

In an assumed name he ensconced himself in a luxurious flat in Paris, and made a large amount of money by following his vile trade until he was arrested, jailed and deported.

Josephine Martin, otherwise "French Fifi"

Following a brief sojourn in England, during which he posed as a diamond merchant, he travelled all over the world, leaving traces of his poisonous activities in Belgium, Canada, South Africa and California. As time went on he grew more and more involved in the white slave traffic, and became acquainted with international crooks in half a dozen different countries.

Forged passports

Gradually his police "dossier" increased in size, and further convictions for various offences were recorded against him. One of these was because, with the aid of confederates, he forged scores of passports in a secret printing office which gave endless trouble to the authorities.

Although officially banned from France, Allard repeatedly gained admission there, and, in Paris in 1922, following a quarrel over money in a Montparnasse haunt, was stabbed by three of his erstwhile associates during a fight in the Rue Lafayette. It was at the scene of this affray, indeed, that periodically for years he had negotiated jewellery and other valuables in the guise of a jewel broker, a lucrative "cloak" for his more sinister and more profitable operations.

Since that Paris fracas, the wounds of which he carried to his death, the name of Emil Allard has figured constantly in international police enquiries which have variously concerned white slave offences, the purveying of drugs, and the receivership and disposal of stolen property.

Only a few months ago his name was closely linked with a shocking event in Paris, the central figures in which were all members of the mercenary and loathsome gang to which he belonged. Five men in evening dress were dining together in a Montmartre restaurant, where a cabaret performance was in progress amid typical scenes of Parisian gaiety.

Suddenly a number of shots rang out. In a moment the place was in a state of uproar.

Subsequent investigation revealed that three men, sitting quite quietly at an adjacent table, had sprung up and fired more than a score of bullets at the five diners, who later turned out to be leading figures in white slave circles.

One of them, Mario Paravicini, was fatally injured, and died on his way to hospital. Three of his four guests were seriously wounded, but have since recovered.

One of the men associated with events leading up to this affair is Ferdinand Antonin Modena, a French undesirable.

Modena's name figures on the police records of several countries as a very active trafficker in vice, and he was actually in England only a few weeks before this onslaught on Paravicini and his guests took place.

With two personal servants, and using an alias, Modena took a suite at a famous hotel. Within a few hours of his stay he was in touch with Allard, several French undesirables now residing in London, and an estate agent who is financially interested in a West End club frequented by foreigners with money.

A word of warning telephoned to Scotland Yard from Paris police headquarters resulted in observation being placed upon Modena at once, and within a very short space of time officers from Scotland Yard obtained information that Modena was in almost daily communication with nine or ten different Continental women living in sumptuous Mayfair flats for which rents from ten to fifteen guineas a week were being paid.

Not long before Modena's arrival one of these women of alien origin had been convicted at a London police court of conducting a disorderly house. As she had at some time or another gone through a "marriage of convenience" for the sole purpose of obtaining British nationality, she could not be deported.

Modena, following further Scotland Yard enquiries, was deported. The dead man, Paravicini, was also a known degenerate who had made many clandestine visits to England. But a significant fact is that when Modena's past was fully probed it was found that Allard was one of his many friends here, and that he was worth vast sums of money, which had been steadily banked for him by his agents both in France and in England.

This is perhaps not surprising when we say that he had, through agents, smuggled into this country countless alien beauties who are living immoral lives in palatial West End flats, some even in the vicinity of Park Lane.

Following his banishment, eleven well-dressed adventurers of this obnoxious type were rounded up and deported. Allard had been in touch with several of them, and also with a middle-aged Frenchwoman, who maintained until recently a magnificent establishment in the West End of London. At least four members of this band of eleven were caught red-handed after her den was raided by the police, and every one of them proved to be members of the white slave traffic, with unenviable records.

The "terror"

Discoveries made during this raid were of a noisome character, and a list was found which contained the names and addresses of numerous girls of alien origin who had been brought here to swell the profits of this degrading profession.

Another of Allard's criminal acquaintances is a fascinating Frenchman known in the underworlds of London and Paris as "Rene." This man has figured in endless police enquiries during recent years and, though he is no stranger to London, has always managed to arrive and depart without falling into police hands.

"Rene" knew "French Fifi" well, and his name cropped up constantly some time ago when an Englishman was sent to prison for arranging bogus "marriages" between French prostitutes and dissolute Englishmen in order to render the enquiries of the police more difficult.

Allard, too, was an almost inseparable companion of Giuseppe Micheletti, a wealthy blackguard who was known in the white slave underworlds of London, Paris, Brussels, and Marseilles as both "The Terror" and "The Assassin." He always carried a dagger and a revolver, and, although his appearance did not betray it, had an uncontrollable temper which more than once brought him within a few inches of the scaffold.

Quarrel over women

Micheletti, like Allard, was involved in several stabbing affrays, and himself carried scars of wounds received at the hands of rivals who resented his bullying and avarice.

Micheletti, together with a Continental undesirable named Fredo Sauvaget, and several other members of this band of traffickers were very closely watched by Scotland Yard detectives, headed by Chief Inspector Thomas Lander, a few years ago, when still another "Vendetta" murder took place in the West End of London.

A quarrel arose over a number of alien women then resident in London, one of whom was named Yvonne Harper, as

(*Continued on page 17*)

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FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair advt. on page 25 for a free catalogue, giving details of this and other Berkeley models, which can be secured for 10/- down and a few monthly payments. The new Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. Turn to page 25 now.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1936 Catlg. & Gardening Guide 144 pp., 247 photographs, 6 colour plates. Free to all readers of this paper, if mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh, 7.

500 GIANT Flowering GLADIOLI, 10 diff. colours, sep. packed, carr. paid, 7/6; half lot, 4/-; C.O.D. 6d. extra. 100% flowering guaranteed Catlg. free.—H. Dyas, Plottergate, Grimsby.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, Drums and Access., trumpets, guitars etc 1d. p.c. brings wonderful 64-p. 1936 cat. free.—TERMS, JB Raymond & Co., 8, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA, buy from the Blenders and save 6d. per lb.—Write for price list and free samples.—P. POULTER, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draw parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (920E), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds and 'Flu. Extraordinarily effective and perfectly safe. Does not affect the heart. Recommended by doctors. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. In Powders and Tablets. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

PSORIASIS-ECZEMA ended while you sleep. Satisfaction guaranteed. FREE BOOKLET.—RIDALKX, LTD., J., Lytham Rd., Blackpool.

COMFORT for the Ruptured. Low price appliances are offered by the London Surgical Co. in their advertisement on page 2.

FREE to indigestion sufferers! Accept the amazing generous offer of a free 9d. tin of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER on p. 41. All you need do is to fill in the coupon and post to the address appearing in the announcement.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc., send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 19), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FREE to Catarrh Sufferers. A trial packet of Dr. Blosser Cigarettes will be sent in return for the coupon, completed with your name and address, on page 35.

DON'T overlook the SHADPORTH offer on page 18. Good health is everybody's birthright. Whatever your ailment, there is a Shadforth prescription which will help you along the road to health. Accept the valuable free book offer which can be obtained absolutely free with every order for any of the remedies offered in this announcement. Turn to page 18 now.

FREE to indigestion sufferers (on p. 34): Every stomach sufferer is invited to test "Bisurated" Magnesia absolutely free of charge. Just send your name and address on a postcard (1d. stamp) to Bismag, Ltd. (Dept. 75/E), London, N.16, and a free trial supply will be sent by return.

CATARRH and ASTHMA Sufferers: Don't overlook page 41. Fill in the coupon for particulars of free trial offer of a new remedy.

FREE to sufferers from leg troubles. Fill in the coupon on the back cover or write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, the "Story of Elasto," fully explaining how this great blood revitaliser cures through the blood. Turn to the back cover.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Tessets, 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs. Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing gifts and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

DRAPERY, Toilet, Fancy Goods, etc. Over 250 different lines. Wholesale prices. Lists Free.—Smallware Co., Wharf Street, 6, Burslem.

SLEEP.—Having entirely freed myself from Insomnia after 20 years' torture of sleeplessness, I shall be delighted to tell sufferers of easy home method that never fails. Just send a postcard to: "P.," Desk 3, 20, Eton Ave., London, N.12.

BOURNEMOUTH, nr. Chines.—Vacancies for few guests in private house. Near shops, buses. Excellent cooking, private sitting-room. Moderate terms. Bd. Res. or Aptmts.—Write: 9, Grosvenor Road, Bournemouth.

FREE.—100-page book, "Guide to Dog Management," write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spratts Patent, Ltd., 88, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3. This free offer appears on p. 31.

AMBITIOUS readers should not overlook the Bennett College announcement on page 26. A copy of a book, "The Human Machine—The Secrets of Success," is offered FREE!

EXCELLENT health for 1/- a week! This is the cost of Mr. H. Broom's International Physical Culture Course, advertised on page 37. Send for full details by filling in the coupon for a copy of a special book, "The International Way," and other particulars.

1,000 PRIZES every week must be won in Potter & Moore's Beauty Competition. See p. 22. There are wonderful prizes, £50, £25 and £10 for the first, second and third, and others comprising Kodak Cameras, Handbags, Perfume, etc. The competition starts March 3 and runs for six weeks. It is open to every attractive girl or woman who uses Potter & Moore's Powder Cream. It can be obtained at all Chemists. A free disc will be given with your purchase, which must be enclosed with your photograph, name, address and age clearly written on the back. Don't overlook the announcement on page 32.

NAIL BITING!
A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Amazing Domestic Servant Racket

—Maids and Mistresses Exploited

DURING the past few years there has developed throughout the country a vicious system of racketeering by certain unscrupulous proprietors of hotel and domestic servant agencies.

Recent investigations at seaside resorts and provincial towns provide definite evidence that unscrupulous agencies are reaping a rich harvest by the exploitation of both employers and employees.

The experience of a hotel proprietor in North Wales is typical of many others. In this case the proprietor had applied to a well-known agency to supply him with a cook.

The arrangements of these agencies are fixed so that the prospective employer is charged a fee and expenses for being provided with the servant, who, in turn, pays either the whole or half of her first week's wages to the agency.

Hasty departure

According to arrangement, the hotel proprietor was informed that the new cook would arrive within two days, and she duly appeared on schedule.

Her work proved satisfactory, and the woman seemed happy and satisfied with her wages and conditions of employment. But much to the astonishment of the employer, the cook decided somewhat hastily after four weeks had passed that she would go to another situation.

This was surprising, because only a few days previously she had said how happy and comfortable she was at the hotel. It was only after investigation that the mystery concerning the cook's sudden desire to leave her situation was solved.

The agency which supplied her to the hotel had, after a period of four weeks, induced her to go to another job. The motive was obvious, for the agency was to draw further fees from the new employer and from the cook!

The following are extracts from the agency's instructions to the cook:

"Dear Miss ——,—I duly wired you ten shillings and wired the hotel your time of leaving."

Then followed good wishes, and the illuminating postscript: "Of course, I shall know nothing when . . . [the name of the first employer] advises me of your having left."

When the employer complained, the agency that had arranged the flitting of the servant expressed hypocritical surprise and astonishment at the news of the cook's departure!

Another interesting fact concerning this affair came later when the cook said that she had been influenced to leave her situation by the fear that if she did not agree to do so the agency might make it difficult for her to obtain any other employment through its organisation.

Tricked!

Before the employer in this case realised how he had been tricked, the agency had arranged to send him another cook who was at Glasgow.

She was described as very efficient, reliable, and forty-eight years of age. The hotel proprietor sent her fare money, and the new cook duly arrived.

Once again he had been put to the expense of paying fares and agency fees for a cook who, through no fault of her own, was obviously unsuitable.

These are not isolated instances of how domestic servant agency racketeering is being carried on in many parts of the country.

The new servant dare not keep her job long if the agency suggests a change

We have reports from Morecambe, Barmouth and other towns which prove conclusively that servants are being used as pawns in the game of exploiting employers by a few unscrupulous agencies.

Recently a London woman obtained a cook through an agency, and her work proved satisfactory.

The servant, too, was satisfied with her wages and the conditions of employment.

Yet after four weeks she left, giving her mistress only the vaguest reasons for going. But further questioning revealed the interesting fact that she had been sent to three situations in three months.

The agency in this instance had drawn fees from each new employer in turn!

It is not suggested that all hotel and domestic servant agencies are carried on on these racketeering lines, but there is evidence that this form of trickery is increasing.

We have dealt with the victimisation of employers, but it is also true that the employees are in too many cases shamefully exploited by the agencies. The commission charged to applicants is often scandalously exorbitant.

Many girls from the industrial areas of South Wales and the North have been victimised. They are often sent to employment where conditions of work are disgraceful. Here again the agency may draw commission from the servant and the employer.

Dissatisfied with her job, the servant, who may have come from Cardiff or South Shields, is in a quandary. She has no friends in London and is compelled by circumstances to ask the agency to find her another situation, and once again the commission is drawn in with both hands.

Lost jobs

Servants lose jobs, mistresses lose servants, but the agencies lose nothing. Each change means more commission and fees.

Some cases which have been brought to our notice reveal another phase of this racket. Girls from the provinces are urged to buy their clothes and uniform from the agency at enhanced prices.

The cost is deducted from wages. When the victims complain about the exorbitant price of the clothing supplied, they are told that if they buy their clothes elsewhere the agency will cross their names off the books and no further situations will be found for them.

The many employment agencies that are honestly and fairly conducted are the first to condemn the racketeering on the part of dishonest agencies, and they are solidly behind us in our demand that the scandal calls for the immediate attention of the authorities.

Victim Afraid to Talk

(*Continued from page 15*)

the result of which a man was stabbed to death. The victim in this case had acted as agent over a long period, and, though his murderer was never discovered, Micheletti was detained.

It was proved that he had amassed huge sums of money from his foul enterprises, but no definite charge could be brought home.

Finally, after his name had figured in yet another London murder mystery, in which the victim was again an active white slave agent, he was himself killed in a Paris brawl by a confederate who was likewise well known in London.

The constant contact between men of this type is illustrated further by the case of a notorious trafficker named Antoni Andre Attal, for whom the port and police authorities of several countries are always on the watch.

In different names this man has regularly come to this country for nefarious purposes, and for years he has been an associate of one or another of the eleven men recently deported. He has actually been imprisoned in London and Continental cities for dope and white slavery offences.

Once, when he was deported from England, and taken aboard a ship bound for France by two armed escorts, he promptly returned.

He eluded the watching officers at the ports in a heavy disguise, having a false beard, blue glasses and walking with a feigned limp. At the moment a warrant is in existence for his arrest on charges relating to white slavery.

Allard, alias "Max the Red"

The unending vendetta which has now culminated in the death of Emil Allard enveloped, a few months ago, a much-travelled Italian with many aliases, who was likewise well known to Scotland Yard as a harpy who had come repeatedly to this country without permission.

He was found in a deserted street dying with four bullet wounds in his body and a razor gash in his throat. In many respects his murder was uncannily similar to that of Allard.

At the time of his death he, too, was "wanted" by Scotland Yard on various charges of bigamy, which he had carried out in order to further his white slave ends. It is known that he consorted regularly with some of the foreign undesirables numbered among the accomplices of Allard.

The latter was most recently under official observation after a middle-aged man, well known in the West End of London, was found lying in a cul-de-sac, having been literally "cut to pieces."

He was unconscious when taken to hospital, and detectives sat at his bedside for two days and nights while doctors worked hard to save his life.

The doctors succeeded, but the patient was afraid to speak of his attackers; it was more than his life was worth, he declared.

Allard, and some of his white slave friends had been in the wounded man's company a few hours before he was picked up, but, when they were visited in turn by police officers, they regretted that they could throw no light on the mystery!

Several of his henchmen are now known to have arrived and departed by air a few days before his death. Meanwhile we know that one man has been under constant police observation for over a week.

It is not surprising that such infamy as that described here so frequently leads to murder. The pity is that so often the murderers escape.

Some of the tragedies we have dealt with may never be solved.

But we are not without hope that information now in the hands of the police will lead to the ultimate suppression of white slavery gangs in this country, which, as we have had occasion to stress more than once recently, are again active on an alarming scale.

RELIABLE REMEDIES FOR MANY COMMON AILMENTS

Are all in your home enjoying the best of health? If not, here are 10 of the world's best prescriptions. They have proved their worth in countless homes and will do the same for yours. Try them and prove it.

GOOD health is everybody's birthright! Whatever your ailment, there is a Shadforth Prescription which will help you along the road to health. Each remedy has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid and is guaranteed for purity, quality and efficacy. Act at once and send for those you need! Order them NOW! **See Special Coupon Offer Below!**

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS WILL MAKE YOU FIT, KEEP YOU FIT, AND SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS

Millions of people owe their health, happiness and freedom from pain to Shadforth Prescriptions. START RIGHT by sending for VALUABLE FREE BOOK offered below with every order.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fulness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by **Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1,077).** Popularly known as "White Lions."

Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Ask for "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort.

A Trial will convince you and make your mealtime happier!

Price **6d.** (24), **1/4** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions), with directions.

Special Book on Indigestion Cures, and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B. 314) post free on request.

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will prove that "White Lions" are ***THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.***

BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM
Kidney, Uric Acid & Bladder Troubles,

Quick Relief and Comfort

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles, Constipation, Gall Stones with associated Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding, and constant getting up at nights, are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the

SHADFORTH Brand "BLADDER COMFORTERS"

Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and **without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour away from your occupation,** they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They expel what is harmful. They succeed when other remedies have failed. Stop worrying! Start taking this **proved** remedy now, and be quickly restored.

Ask for "Bladder Comforters," Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

A Special Book (J.B. 254) on the subject can be obtained Post Free on request.

WINTER COUGHS AND COLDS

The New Chest and Lung Tonic

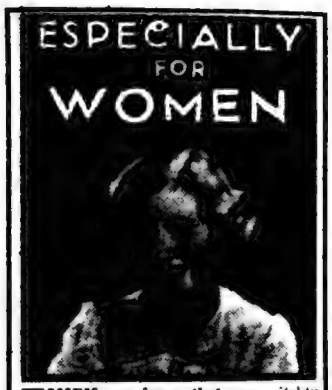
ONE of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients. When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes 2 pints of the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic.

Shadforth Prescription No. 617. Price: 3/- per bottle.

USE THIS SOOTHING, WARMING LUNG TONIC AND STOP THAT COUGH!

Special Book on Coughs (J.B. 203) Post Free on request.



WHEN you know that your vitality is low and is wearisome—take **"SHADPHOS"** (Brain Sparklers). They will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded, worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

"SHADPHOS"

TONIC TABLETS.

There is nothing like them. They are what your doctor would advise. But what a difference they make! In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you.

EQUALLY GOOD FOR MEN, and all for a few shillings. Ask for "Shadphos." Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 8/- (100).

Special Book dealing with Nerve Troubles (J.B.227). Post Free.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate Your Arteries

Strengthen Your Heart

and add years to your life!

IT is VITALLY IMPORTANT to keep your Arteries young, especially if you are over 40 years of age. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries is now possible for those past their prime. "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse and sleeplessness. It leads to permanent restoration, and makes you feel years younger within a few days. **Get it now (Prescription No. 1168/T).**

Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Descriptive Book (J.B. 299). Free on request.

ADENOIDS AND ENLARGED TONSILS

DO you know that operations on children for **Enlarged Tonsils** and **Adenoids** are now definitely out of date?

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed with full directions for **7/6.** Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal obstructions in adults** are also conquered without operation, pain or loss of blood.

WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS

Help for Women over 40

JUST the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

COLD IN THE NOSE

is NOT a trifling matter. Here is Positive Relief.

NASAL Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases.

The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save one from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Recommended by Specialists the world over.

Prices: 2/9, 4/6, and 8/6.

The Shadforth Book on Catarrh Treatment (J.B.321) Free on request.

Post this Coupon NOW! FREE

to "John Bull" Readers

Cut out this Coupon to secure 2/6 Book, Free with every order for a limited time only.

MR. SHADFORTH'S BOOK ON DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

PUBLISHED AT 2/6, and containing 110 pages packed with valuable information. Gives simple home treatments for complaints and ailments where advisable. THIS BOOK SHOULD BE IN EVERY WELL-RUN HOME.

These advertised prescriptions may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send leaflet enclosed with medicines, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.

Book No. A189. "John Bull," 8/2/36

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

A Spoonful a day keeps the Doctor Away.

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea.

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

Prices, post free. In air-tight canisters. 3d., 6d. and 1/-.

PILES! *Prompt Relief*

Tonic Laxative Treatment quickly relieves and soothes Hæmorrhoids, associated with Constipation, Sluggish Liver, ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. **Ask for Shadforth Complete fourfold Hæmorrhoid Treatment No. 394/D.D. Price 7/9.**

The Shadforth Book on Pile Treatment (J.B.325) Free on request.

You can obtain Shadforth Prescriptions from Boots, Timothy Whites, and Taylors, your local chemists, or post free at these prices direct from

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD., Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B. 75), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

Disastrous Society for BUSINESS MEN

MANY people in the North of England are perturbed by the sudden resignation of the founder of a remarkable organisation with the high-sounding name of The Mutual Protection Association, Ltd.

Among them is the only remaining director of the company. Others are traders and commercial firms who paid an annual subscription for the services of "Mutual Protection," while a third class is formed of creditors.

As several thousand business firms appeared on its books it will be seen that the scheme was quite widespread.

"Reliability—Integrity" was chosen as the motto of The Mutual Protection Association, Ltd.

On the association's letter-paper those two words of good faith were printed, inscribed in a badge above and below the reproduction of a key.

How unhappily chosen was that motto and emblem the facts we are able to disclose will show. For The Mutual Protection Association, Ltd., has collapsed in disgraceful circumstances.

Promises

According to its literature, the project was distinctly ambitious. A variety of things were promised to subscribers, including:

"Free legal advice on all, any and every matter from association's own solicitor. Matters arising out of and in connection with accidents, compensation, insurance, wills and title deeds investigated and claims made.

"Representation at creditors' meetings, county court, police courts, etc. Representation before Traffic Commissioners for licences of every description, and representation before Military Tribunals.

"General and business enquiries 2s. each personal enquiry. Discreet and confidential enquiries in divorce. Debts of every kind collected—2s. in the £. Negotiations undertaken for sale or purchase of houses, shops and businesses. All classes of insurance effected.

"Enrol now and avail yourself of our comprehensive services."

Letters were sent out by the association to possible clients, giving greater detail of what would be undertaken on their behalf. From one of these rather ill-phrased communications we quote the following:

"Our service provides the only SAFE guide as regards a line of credit to be followed, such as the personal report. For instance, having established positively that the would-be purchaser has a regular income, it does not follow that it is a safe case.

"Possibly his position is in jeopardy, or, owing to bad habits or domestic reasons, or he may have commitments which are not apparent. We always endeavour to obtain information on these lines; co-operating position with character and habits to obtain a true report.

"No private firm could combine such a comprehensive service such as we have established. This can be readily understood when it is realised that you get the benefit of accumulated information pooled from various sources and services."

Huge membership

Thus it would appear that The Mutual Protection was to be a kind of detective, plus efficiency expert, plus collector, plus legal authority, plus advocate, plus information bureau.

Indeed it dived into the social side of life as well, for an official notice was issued stating: "We would respectfully bring to your notice that we have taken over the premises formerly the Milner House Club, Church Street, Hunslet, Leeds.

"Our primary object in doing so is to provide members, who are chiefly small traders, with a club, not merely for recreation, but which offers them many needed facilities in connection with their businesses."

Full membership of The Mutual Protection Association, Ltd., could be obtained for a payment of 12s. 6d. a year.

Considering the comprehensive services that were offered for that it is not surprising that the books of the company showed several thousands of names as Association members. Now something as to the origin and career of this all-embracing association.

The wide range of benefits promised were so attractive that business men needed little persuasion to give the Association a trial

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

It was started by an energetic, plausible young man by the name of James Glancy, living in Middleton Park Road, Leeds. He did the preliminary work and established—what were described as—"area offices" at Victoria Chambers, South Parade, Leeds.

There was also a "head office (correspondence only)" in Albion Street, Leeds, which is the address of a safe deposit, where Glancy rented a box for the receipt of letters.

In the summer of last year, Glancy advertised for a partner and came into touch with a Mr. William Wilkinson, who was then the owner of a retail business.

Suggestions were put forward that The Mutual Protection Association was capable of profitable expansion, and eventually Mr. Wilkinson, agreed to invest the sum of £350 in the concern. A first payment of £265 was made and the balance was to be borrowed as soon as Mr. Wilkinson managed to sell his shop.

For a time the new partner could take no part in the association affairs, as he was engaged in disposing of his other business, and the control was left in Glancy's hands.

Later, in September, The Mutual Protection Association was formed into a private company with a capital of £500, with Wilkinson and Glancy as signatories to the memorandum and articles of association.

Of the capital Wilkinson was to take £350, and the balance was supposed to be provided by Glancy. The two men were to be directors, and Glancy was also the secretary.

Search of the records at Somerset House reveals that up to date no allotment of shares in the company has as yet been filed, neither are the names of the directors given officially.

Whatever else James Glancy may be, he is not a completely efficient company secretary.

After a time spent in the company Mr. Wilkinson instituted enquiries into the way affairs were going.

He discovered then that no shares had been subscribed for in the name of Glancy; that the money he himself had handed over had been expended, and that the company which started with such high aims was heading for disaster.

It was about this stage that James Glancy, the founder, abandoned the sinking ship

One morning when Wilkinson arrived at his office, expecting to meet Glancy in the ordinary way and carry on the affairs of the company, he found a letter lying on his desk. It was in Glancy's handwriting and gave a formal month's notice of his intention to relinquish his directorship. That was the last which the staff of the Mutual Protection Association, Ltd., saw or heard of him.

Almost penniless

The whole business of The Mutual Protection Association, Ltd.—which had set out to give the people of Yorkshire such wonderful service — was thus plunged in complete disorganisation.

Creditors against the company for considerable amounts are pressing for a settlement of their just claims.

Firms that have given the collection of debts over to the association are clamouring to know what has happened to the accounts, so it will be seen that the whole position is most unsatisfactory.

Left in the lurch by the founder, the investing partner Wilkinson has lost the whole of his savings and is practically penniless. In addition, the members of the association, who have paid fees in advance, are without the services which they were promised.

Small wonder, then, that The Mutual Protection Association, Ltd., has now collapsed like a house of cards. The whole scheme is one which savours of gross commercial recklessness. This business promotion by James Glancy has caused loss to many individuals, and any future venture on which he may embark should be watched with the greatest caution.

Homeless Couple's Tragedy

TWO old people, Mr. Charles McCardle and his wife, of Cross Street, Pendleton, Manchester, who have lived in their little house for thirty years, are facing disaster because the local council has decided that the house is in a dangerous condition and must come down.

Recently the house-breakers appeared in Grove Street, and the home which has sheltered old Mr. McCardle and his grey-haired wife had to be surrendered.

Their feelings on being thus deprived of the house that had been their home for the greater part of their married lives may be better imagined than described.

The plight of this old couple would have been terrible indeed had not kind-hearted friends offered them shelter.

To heighten the tragedy, Mr. McCardle, who will get no compensation for the destruction of his home, which had been bought with his life savings, will be compelled to pay for the cost of its demolition.

It is true that he will be allowed to clear this liability in instalments, but there is little consolation in that for the ordeal that he and his wife have suffered.

This tragic story began when a local official served Mr. McCardle with a notice ordering that repairs should be put in hand. Mr. McCardle, whose only income was derived from a few lodgers, had no money available to pay for the repairs.

Then followed automatically the order for demolition, against which all appeals for consideration owing to special circumstances proved quite useless.

So these two old people have been rendered homeless and helpless.

Unless something can now be done to find them alternative accommodation, they may be forced to end their days in the workhouse.

Laws governing housing conditions have to be enforced, we know, but we appeal to the authorities concerned to temper the law with mercy. To turn an elderly couple out of the house they have occupied for thirty years, and in which they have sunk their life savings, seems unnecessarily cruel.

Write to

JOHN BULL

About It!

He depends for his living on his

Bourn-vitality!

It's often a 24-hour day for this journalist

It's his job to get news! It often means working day and night without rest. He must keep fit, he must be wide-awake, therefore, when he does get to bed he makes sure of refreshing energy-renewing sleep by taking Bourn-vita.

READ HIS LETTER:

'I am a journalist, and I find myself up at all hours of the day and night in search of material. Recently I became nervous and irritable and found myself unable to sleep. I became alarmed, not from a nervous viewpoint, but from the knowledge that this disability was a serious handicap in the way of my livelihood. I was recommended by a friend to buy a tin of Bourn-vita. Almost from the first day I found myself picking up. My nervous fears disappeared and I slept better than ever before. I can honestly say that your preparation has helped me in a most wonderful manner.'

J. R. E.

AND YOU.. Is last night's **BOURN-VITA** helping you now?

RELIEF FOR 2D.

THE PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD

COLDS 'FLU PAIN

Stopped for 2d

In these days when every shilling counts, what a wonderful boon it is to be able to spend only 2d. to get relief from Colds and 'Flu, Aches and Pains.

Millions needed a fine effective remedy *at a price within the reach of the million* and this need has been thoroughly and magnificently met by the World-famed Beecham Laboratories.

"How could it be done at the price?" people asked. "The colossal demand," Beechams said, "will enable us to sell for 2d."

The introduction of Beechams Brand Powders is now a matter of history. Their rise to fame was assured from the first.

Now EVERYBODY takes Beechams Powders. The British Public have PROVED them by their own personal experience to be unequalled for:

COLDS CHILLS 'FLU
HEADACHES NEURALGIA
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Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3.
Single Powders 2d. each.
Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere
A BEECHAM PRODUCT

ONE PENNY

1935 1935

Beechams BRAND Powders

2D. BRINGS RELIEF

WHY PAY MORE?

A Council HOUSE to DIE IN!

Shocking Ordeal for Family of Five . .

"THIS is to certify that house No. 12, Dick Croft, Hoyland, is unfit for human habitation on account of dampness and sanitary defects.

"(Signed) W. G. DAWES,
"Chief Sanitary Inspector."

In the house to which that notice refers lives a working-man and his four young children.

That family is condemned to existence under intolerable conditions. Father and little ones are in ever-present danger of serious illness.

And the "landlord" to whom rent is paid for that insanitary, detestable place is the local authority—the Urban District Council of Hoyland Nether, in the county of Yorkshire.

Let the amazing facts of this case—as investigated by JOHN BULL—be set down to form their indictment.

For in Hoyland Nether is a housing scandal, which calls for immediate rectification—a scandal the like of which can scarcely ever have been equalled.

Vain search

Two years ago Mr. J. Ryan, his wife—who was then alive—and their children, were living happily under very different circumstances. Their home was in Brick Yard, Shortland, Hoyland.

Now, it is not contended that this cottage, near to the brick-works where Ryan was formerly employed, was everything that a cottage might be. It was, however, sound and dry and had reasonable rooms.

It so happened that the premises in Brick Yard were needed for an improvement scheme which was in hand. Consequently Ryan was served from the Hoyland Nether Council with a notice that a demolition order had been made, and would become operative at the end of December, 1933. He was given twenty-eight days' notice to remove.

Vainly Ryan searched the neighbourhood for another house within his means. He could find nothing. So he was summoned to appear before the magistrates at the courthouse in Barnsley to show cause why an order compelling him to vacate the premises should not be made.

After hearing the evidence from both sides, the Bench made the order, but told the Hoyland Nether Council that alternative accommodation must be found for the Ryans. The only alternative accommodation provided was No. 12, Dick Croft, which the Council had taken over and had the right to let.

Petitions

When Ryan was told to move to Dick Croft, he was assured that it was only for a short period. He was promised—and there is no reasonable doubt on this point—that he should have the first modern, new council house that was ready.

And that was in the early part of 1934. Since then there have been a number of council houses available, but Ryan has not been allowed to occupy one, in spite of his persistent, consistent petitions.

Quickly Ryan and his wife discovered that living at 12, Dick Croft, meant dreadful discomfort and suffering. The rooms were so damp that paper stripped from the walls. There was no proper place for washing nor adequate larder, while the sanitary conveniences were of the primitive kind.

Mrs. Ryan, who died in tragic circumstances. Two of her four children are now gravely ill.

Moreover, the house was overrun with mice and blackbeetles. No fewer than thirty-six mice were caught in a fortnight.

Bread kept in any cupboard gathered a crop of mould and became uneatable. Indeed, as an example of the condition of the house, Ryan despatched on two occasions mouldy loaves to the council offices. Even in summer-time food could not be stored owing to dampness.

Under these dreadful conditions, Ryan and his wife "existed" with their children, always *hoping* for the promised new house.

They saw houses built by the council, and they saw them let—but always to other tenants. They were still doomed to 12, Dick Croft.

Yet through all his term of distress Ryan paid his rent to the Hoyland Nether Urban District Council. To this day his rent-book is right up to date although he has fallen on unemployment and is drawing the "dole."

Worse is to follow.

In June of last year Mrs. Ryan was expecting another child. Before moving to Dick Croft she had always been strong and well, but living there her health was undermined.

She became very gravely ill, and had to be rushed to hospital in Sheffield. There, after the birth, Mrs. Ryan died.

A post-mortem examination was carried out, and the doctor made this report in writing to Ryan:—

"The cause of your wife's death, as shown by our post-mortem, was pneumonia. As you say, she was quite healthy otherwise, and the pregnancy was normal. But the combination of the two was just a little too much for her. The pneumonia was not caused by the pregnancy, but was made more severe by it. She was able to see her baby before she passed away. You and your other children have my sympathy."

Having read that letter, who will blame Ryan for the bitter resentment he holds in his heart? His beloved wife taken from him; his children motherless.

Nothing done

For Ryan firmly believes that the condition of the house, its dampness and its gloom, brought the pneumonia which took his wife from him. Interviews which he has had with local medical men cement that belief.

Says Ryan to-day, "My dear wife would be with me now if we had been given a more decent place in which to make a home."

Even after the death of the wife nothing was done by the council authority to find him a new house. He has had to carry on at 12, Dick Croft, with four children—the eldest a girl of ten—to look after, for the baby is boarded out at a Catholic institution.

All the necessary housework Ryan is forced to do for himself. Try as he may, he cannot secure a paid helper to undertake the housekeeping.

The friendly wives of neighbours have made the attempt, and given it up. They declare the house is impossible because of its dampness. Constantly the children are ill with sore throats, coughs and bronchial trouble. The father is for ever having to seek medical aid.

Recently a representative of JOHN BULL inspected the house. He saw the mildewed paper puckering from the walls. He touched the walls in living-and bed-rooms and his hand came away beaded with moisture.

The house as a habitation for human beings is a disgrace, and for such a place the Hoyland Nether Urban District Council draws weekly 9s. in rent.

Yet the rooms and the furniture are spotlessly clean. Ryan sees to that. There can be no accusation that he neglects his "home" or his children.

They are bright, intelligent, well-cared-for youngsters. But at the time of our representative's visit they were all ailing. They could not be otherwise in such a place.

Within a few days of JOHN BULL investigating this terrible case, the position became even worse.

The youngest child was stricken down with bronchial pneumonia: an attack so critical that the medical officer for the district was in attendance on the little patient twice each day.

In addition, the other three children were certified as being sufferers from acute bronchitis.

So fear marches as the companion of Ryan. He has lost his wife. Always before his eyes he has the agony of his children. He dreads what may happen. He knows what inevitably *must happen* if the family is forced to stay much longer at No. 12, Dick Croft.

Unfit

Therefore each night Ryan prays that the Hoyland Nether Urban Council—his landlord—may graciously permit him to move to one of its other houses.

A week ago Ryan learned that a fine, sound little council house was vacant. *It was not given to Ryan*, but to a younger married man, who has no children, and is in a regular job.

"This is to certify that No. 12, Dick Croft, Hoyland, is unfit for human habitation, on account of dampness and sanitary defects." (Signed by the Council's own sanitary inspector.)

Radio Quackery

QUACKERY takes many forms, and the latest cure-all in the form of Radio necklaces now being offered to the public by Messrs. Fisher Supplies, Ltd., 184, Gray's Inn Road, London, is intended to appeal particularly to women.

A sure way to health, vigour and happiness is to be found, according to the literature issued by this firm, by simply wearing a Radio necklace.

But the new health plan is laid out to attract all members of the public. If you are well, you apparently need one of these necklaces to keep you well; and if you are ill you need one to get well!

A booklet issued to increase the sales of these necklaces is interesting, if not convincing, for truly amazing claims are made.

"Some astounding results have been produced," it is stated, "in many cases by curing nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, sciatica, rheumatism, varicose veins, throat, stomach, liver and kidney troubles."

Truly a comprehensive list which suggests that the healing powers of these ordinary-looking necklaces are both weird and wonderful!

Fisher Supplies, Ltd., links up the marvels of radio communication with its necklaces by explaining how "the radio wonder can be applied to the human body by the wearing of suitable appliances manufactured for the purpose."

"You can make use of short waves similar to those used in connection with radio reception, for keeping the body well and in good health, and for curing it in sickness."

* * *

There is also a vague reference to the investigations of "Professor Lakhowsky" concerning radio healing, but what connection the Professor has with the necklaces is not clear.

We are not impressed by the fantastic claims made for these radio necklaces, and to suggest that sufferers wearing them can be cured of almost anything, from lumbago to whooping cough, is quackery at its worst

Deadliest Enemy of the Mothers . .

Save the Mothers — 4 —

AT the outset of its enquiry into maternal mortality JOHN BULL declared that the real explanation of the scandalous death-rate among mothers was the chaos and inadequacy of the country's maternity services.

One by one we have examined the various links in the chain of those services—local government administration, the hospitals and the doctors.

In an article entitled "Ignorant Maternity Doctors"—unavoidably omitted from part of our issue to make room for Mr. A. G. Gardner's tribute to King George—we told how medical men are severely handicapped by the scanty maternity knowledge and training given them in this country, and how, for that reason, part of the death-roll among the mothers can be laid at their doors.

We come now to the midwives, the last link in the chain, the oldest, and perhaps the most important.

In Great Britain, of the 600,000 women who are confined each year 65 per cent. are delivered by midwives — trained and untrained. They handle at least another 15 per cent. of the remainder of the births, at which doctors are present.

In countries with an exceptionally low mortality, like the Netherlands and Sweden, the proportion of births conducted by midwives is even greater than in Britain.

We are justified in asking, then—Is their midwifery system better than ours? Is there something inherently lacking in our system which can be responsible for some of our 3,000 annual death-roll?

Let us indicate, very briefly, the organisation and the service conditions of midwives in those countries where it is safer for mothers to give birth.

In Holland the law forbids any woman except a fully trained midwife to conduct, or even to be in attendance at, confinements. Her tuition occupies three years and takes place in one of the *three* schools in the country, specially staffed and set aside for the purpose, and carefully run under direct Government auspices.

Life work

The training is free and it is not taken up except by women who intend to devote their lives to the work.

General nurses do not, as a rule, take the midwifery courses.

The standard of training is very high, particularly in such matters as surgical cleanliness, in ante-natal care, and in the medical knowledge which enables the detection of abnormalities at a very early stage. The midwives may not attempt the treatment of such cases, but, because of their knowledge, the assistance of doctor or hospital is obtained long before real danger develops in the patient.

In Holland, the midwife's status is only a little below that of a doctor, as befits her skill and training. Her job is strictly limited to ante-natal attention and the actual confinement.

She never attends the nursing mother or the infant. That work is carried out by her assistants, who themselves have had a two years' training in this special work and are certificated by the State.

Good pension

The vast majority of Dutch midwives are employed by the municipalities or communes. Their salary is from £200 to £250 a year and they have a compulsory retirement age on an ample pension.

In Sweden the same general rules exist as to the education and practice of midwives. The training course there, however, is even more technically complete than in Holland. Because of the scattered nature of the population, particularly in the mountainous parts of North Sweden and the difficulty of getting speedy medical assistance, the midwives are trained to handle abnormalities and are allowed to use instruments and drugs in these emergencies.

A report was recently made of a year's results from some of these abnormal cases, handled entirely by midwives, since a doctor could not be reached.

High status

It showed that the death-rate was only 2.7 per thousand. Compare that figure with the *general* death-rate in Britain of 4.41 per thousand (which includes normal and abnormal and thousands of other cases treated by doctors and in hospitals), and you will see that it speaks very highly for the skill and training of these Swedish midwives.

As in Holland, their status and their remuneration is in keeping with the important part they play in the life and well-being of the community.

They receive a retaining fee from the country of £55 per annum and charge fees on each case of 1 per cent. of the husband's income, with a minimum of 17s. 6d. and a maximum of £8. Total income is about £200 per year.

These figures are guaranteed by the country, which pays them if the patient is too poor. In addition, the midwife gets a free house, usually a substantial affair standing in its own grounds, with bathrooms and other modern conveniences. She is also provided with a car and telephone. Reserves are provided for sickness and holidays, and at fifty-five years of age she retires with a pension and a free house.

How does the British midwifery system compare with this?

In this country, instead of two or three training schools exclusively devoted to the purpose, *we have no fewer than* 194 *schools for midwives* scattered all over the country. Some are in hospitals, others in nursing homes.

The training is often given in a casual way and is shared with medical students, and with nurses who have no intention of practising definitely as midwives.

The course lasts only *one year*, for even women inexperienced in nursing. Those with nursing experience need have only *six months'* training. Before 1926 midwives could obtain a certificate and practise with only six months' training.

We have no law forbidding totally untrained women from handling confinements. So we have hordes of "handywomen," many of them uneducated, with only elemental experience and no ideas of surgical cleanliness or the medical knowledge which would enable them to detect early abnormalities.

Extra pay

We do not bar the schools to all except those who intend to practise as midwives; so that we have 60,000 certificated women on the Midwives' Roll and only 14,000—less than a quarter—following the calling exclusively.

The others take the course as an extra qualification to their general nursing experience.

If they want to be hospital sisters, for instance, they must take the C.M.B.—even if it is for a sistership in a Seamen's Hospital.

The C.M.B. also brings a little extra pay—about £5 a year in some hospitals.

This comparison between the training and organisation of midwives in the low death-rate countries with that of Great Britain gives rise to much disquieting suggestion.

But the contrast between status and pay is even worse.

The British mother has to rely on the services of a woman whose life is a continual harassing struggle for a bare existence, who has no State support, no security of tenure and no provision for her old age. The average income of a certificated practising midwife in this country is about £70 a year, out of which she must purchase all her own equipment.

Ever available

In addition to her expert services at the actual confinement, she usually has to double the duties of nurse to the mother and infant, and she has to be available at all hours of day or night. These facts, perhaps, are further reasons why hospital nurses take the C.M.B., but do not practise.

A midwife in one of the crowded London areas tells us that her routine consists of fortnightly visits with ante-natal examination and advice; then the confinement, and after that a daily visit for ten days to bathe mother and child, give advice about infant feeding and other details which arise when there is a new baby in the house. Sometimes her work involves arranging a dinner for the other children home from school.

For all that she gets a fee of £1 10s. In many instances the family has been too poor to pay even this fee and the midwife has gone without.

Her case is typical of thousands of others who work in the big towns. But in rural areas conditions are often worse.

Protest meeting

In many villages the midwife is employed by a voluntary local committee supported by voluntary funds. If these funds run out she cannot carry on. Again, her job often depends on her standing with the members of the committee, who may sack her for some reason which, be it adequate or not, they are apparently under no duty to disclose.

There was a case a few weeks ago in the little village of Grayswood, near Haslemere, in Surrey, where the local midwife, Nurse Mills, was discharged by the committee. She was much beloved in the village, and the mothers for whom she had worked were angry and upset. But they found that they could do nothing about it.

For some weeks they clubbed together to support her themselves, and then, seeing that they could not go on in this way, they called a protest meeting on the village green to demand a statement from the voluntary officials as to why Nurse Mills had been discharged. The officials refused to give the reasons, and they declined also to call a

The

BLUNDERING MIDWIFE

One reader, an ex-nurse, describes to us a case in which the midwife failed lamentably in the presence of the doctor. The ex-nurse urged him to report her for the sake of patients she may attend in the future. But the doctor merely shrugged his shoulders and took no action

meeting of the subscribers to the voluntary fund.

It is such conditions as these, scrappy training, poor pay and no security of tenure which make the bad midwife and keep the "handywoman" going. And what happens to the mothers?

"You would be surprised at the amount of mild blackmail which goes on between less efficient doctors and the less scrupulous midwife," says a nurse reader of JOHN BULL.

"There are plenty of them who, because their very living depends on the number of cases they get, are prepared to turn a blind eye on the doctor's mistakes. In return, he sees to it that she gets plenty of work from him.

Nurse who saw

"It cuts both ways. She recommends him when she can, rather than another doctor who would not tolerate her incompetence. No maternity service can be efficient when such alliances can exist. And they are born, primarily, out of the appalling conditions of pay and service of the average midwife."

Inadequate official supervision is another feature of the British midwifery organisation.

It operates to cover up mistakes and permits the bad midwife to flourish, regardless of the effect on patients.

Here is one instance reported to JOHN BULL by a trained nurse who is now working in a Government post.

"A few months ago," she says, "my duties took me to a Midlands town, and in the house where I was staying a woman was about to have a baby. The people in the house knew that I was a nurse and I spoke several times to the woman before her baby arrived. I also met the midwife, and my impression of her was proved by what happened later.

"On the night of the confinement I was awakened by a frantic knocking on my bedroom door, and there was the landlady, begging me to come and help. I went downstairs and found the doctor there in trouble. The baby had been born, but the mother was in a bad way. And the midwife had absolutely 'flopped.' She was completely incapable of helping the doctor in what he had to do.

"He looked at me appealingly, and I turned to and helped him. Somehow we completed the work, which was vitally urgent.

Afterwards he thanked me and I then told him that if he did not report that so-called midwife to the county authorities, then I was going to do so—simply because I considered that her incompetence was a menace to the lives of other mothers. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I did report her and my letter passed through various channels. There were several attempts to sidetrack my complaint, but I persisted and there was much correspondence between myself and departments of the local health authority.

Farcical reason

"The whole matter took weeks, and then I finally learned that the county could not, or would not, do anything against this woman. The reason they gave was that the midwife only took cases with a doctor! Presumably she is practising still. All I can say is—heaven protect the patients.

"Any doctor or competent nurse knows that the council's reasons for not acting are farcical. The fact that a doctor is present at her confinement is no protection at all. For this woman, whose ideas of asepsis are as sketchy as her other knowledge, attends the patient also during the puerperium, when she would be capable of carrying dangerous infection from case to case."

There is only one inference to be drawn from such a letter as that quoted above.

If our midwifery system is bad enough to permit a woman of that type to practise in one town, then it is bad enough to allow of plenty more in any other part of the country.

We have, indeed, had dozens of letters and statements on this subject of the incompetent midwife since this series of articles began. They have come from all parts of the country, from the patients themselves, and from doctors, hospital nurses, health visitors, and other midwives furious at the way their calling is let down and mothers' lives are endangered.

Did not know

Here is a final statement on the same theme. It comes from a London health visitor. "You should press for a radical change in the methods of teaching midwives. There are plenty of them who, although they are armed with a certificate from the C.M.B., are completely ignorant of the significance of certain matters in which they are supposed to be taught, and on which their patients' lives can depend.

"Some time ago I had to interview a midwife concerning the birth of a still-born child. The midwife admitted that she had found a certain condition in the woman some months before the confinement, a condition which gives rise to dangerous convulsions at birth, and for which she is taught to look and identify. It is an abnormality, and by her rules the midwife must notify it at once to a doctor so that it may be treated in time.

"But she had not bothered to do so. When I questioned her further on the matter, I was amazed to find that the midwife did not realise the significance of this condition at all. She just knew how to look for it—but not *why*. When I expressed my surprise at this she merely laughed.

"It was clear that this woman had let the mother go to full time without doing anything about it, and had handled the case herself with the inevitable result. The baby was dead and the mother nearly died from the eclampsia which followed.

"Ruthless"

"As the midwife had broken her strict rules I reported her. But the authorities refused to act—on the grounds that there was nothing previously known against this midwife.

"She was not even reprimanded by them.

"I was as good as told that I was being ruthless against this woman. But what is the use of anything but ruthlessness when we have 3,000 mothers dying every year, and a Government Committee's report tells us that half the avoidable deaths are due to the incompetence of midwives and the medical practitioner."

We agree. Ruthlessness is needed. A wholesale purging from the ranks of midwives of the handywomen and their "certificated" sisters who are little better.

We want proper overhaul of the country's midwifery organisation as an essential part of that National Maternity Service which is the only thing to stop the rising death rate among mothers.

First and foremost, the pay and conditions for midwives must be put on such a footing as to attract more women and nurses (and the best types) to adopt the work as a lifetime's vocation—as it is in those countries which have conquered maternal mortality.

Better training

At the moment the Ministry of Health has circularised all local authorities with a scheme for a salaried whole-time service for all midwives.

But the suggestion does not go far enough. The legislation suggested is *permissive*. It should be made *compulsory*.

Secondly, the standard of training must be enormously increased. Means must be devised of bringing all those midwives in practice up to the new standard by refresher courses or otherwise.

Those who cannot pass the higher demands must go, and so must the "handywoman." The teaching must be centralised in proper specialist schools.

In short, the standards must be brought to the level existing in the other more fortunate countries. *They* have proved that the way to save mothers is to put adequate knowledge in the hands of those who have to help and to make their conditions of work such that they can give intelligent service.

We must do the same.

Keep *all* your precious woollens new and soft with Oxydol. That thick, rich Oxydol lather gets out all the grimy dirt — leaves the wool soft, fluffy, lovely; keeps the colours bright and fresh.

Oxydol the wonderful modern granulated soap — for woollens — coloureds — whites — *everything*. Big packet 3½d, giant size 6d.

OXYDOL for a bigger tub of richer suds

WHEN WASHING UP THE PLATES TO DAY USE OXYDOL — GET GREASE AWAY

Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle and Manchester

To my horror, the boat kept coming on . . .

MOON MANIA

WITHIN a few minutes of meeting the man whom I will call Arthur, I took an instinctive liking to him. Apart from his infectious gaiety, which endeared him to all the other visitors to the guest-house, he was kind and considerate to me in particular.

I had not the slightest premonition that he was destined to plunge me into the most terrifying ordeal I have ever undergone.

Normally, I suppose, I am as vigorous and healthy as the next man; but as the result of an accident, I was slowly recovering from a compound fracture of the left leg and some internal injuries.

When, at last, I was able to walk, I was ordered away for a complete change.

"Don't walk for more than a few yards at a time," the doctor told me. "Swim a little if you like, but don't overdo it."

This struck me as curious advice, until I discovered that the weakness of one leg made little difference to my ability as a swimmer, whereas it made all the difference to my walking power.

A FEW days later, then, I arrived at the guest house on the coast, a place especially suitable for people recovering from illness and semi-invalids.

Arthur soon made himself useful to me by bringing letters when I was sitting on the beach, going into the village for newspapers and generally making up for my immobility.

One pleasant facility for the visitors was the use of several small boats, from which it was possible to bathe. Sometimes we would all get out together, a miniature fleet, and spend an hour swimming in deep water.

I had been a fairly strong swimmer for years, and although I could at this time only walk with the aid of sticks I could swim as well as anyone there.

Indeed, I was so pleased to be able to

JOHN BULL *Readers' Stories*

enjoy any activity at all after many weary weeks of idleness and pain that I was probably inclined to forget the doctor's orders about "overdoing it."

"Don't go too far, old man," Arthur would say. "That leg of yours isn't right yet, you know."

Sometimes, if I went even twenty yards from the nearest boat I would turn and discover him swimming quietly along behind me, and realise that he was keeping an unobtrusive eye upon me.

Apart from his good nature, Arthur was a rather fine specimen of a man, quite young, tall and splendidly proportioned and good looking to a fault. Several of the ladies in the house seemed more than slightly interested in him; and the men regarded him as pleasant and unaffected, a first-class fellow.

That, then, was the situation. I had been at this delightful retreat for nearly a month, broken by one trip to London to see the doctor, and was making excellent progress, when the other guests planned a theatre trip.

THEIR idea was to travel to the town, see a show, have supper out and return late. The exertion would have been more than I could comfortably manage at the time, without making myself a nuisance to the others, and I decided to stay behind.

At once Arthur declined as well

"The show is scarcely worth seeing," he told me, but to the others he put forward the excuse that he had some writing to do.

Accordingly the others went off in happy, laughing groups, and I was left in the deserted lounge alone. After half an hour Arthur appeared.

"Well, that's that," he said lightly. "Now I'm free for the evening. What about a trip in *Martha* and a swim?"

Martha was the boat fitted with an outboard engine, and it was usually in demand, so I accepted with alacrity.

He dashed back for our swimming slips, wraps and towels, and returned with them in a few seconds.

It was a glorious summer's evening, and realising that Arthur had forgone his theatre trip—when I knew, in fact, that he was passionately fond of the theatre—to keep me company filled me with admiration for his generous nature.

I SAT on the little jetty while my companion brought the boat down and slipped it into the water.

For an hour we cruised along the coast line, found a little creek, explored it and returned to the open sea again. By this time the sun had fallen and the moonlight was imbuing the coast line with a kind of magical beauty.

The sea, quite still except for a faint, almost imperceptible swell, was like molten silver, and I was lost in contemplation.

Suddenly the silence was gently broken by a long sigh. I glanced at Arthur and received a shock. It seemed as though by some trick of the moonlight his normally pleasant expression was distorted to one of fiendish malevolence. His eyes, always so clear and honest in expression, seemed empty, like those of a mask.

He must have seen that I had stiffened, for he laughed shortly and

(*Continued on page 26*)

Beginning Next Week:

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who, in this remarkable new series, describe, specially for "John Bull," the most thrilling and dramatic chapter of their lives.

Too Nervous to Face Traffic.

"My nerves were so bad that I could not face the traffic, and I was afraid to cross the road alone," states Miss R. S. Fleming, of 11, Amelia Street, London, E.16. "I had a severe nervous breakdown in 1933, and was in a state of continual depression; I could neither eat nor sleep. Added to this, I was attacked by anæmia and became as pale as death. I had no energy and was always having fainting bouts.

"Although I attended four different hospitals, my sufferings continued until last July I was advised to try Dr. Williams' pills. I soon began to eat and sleep better and grew more cheerful. As I continued with the pills, the fainting bouts ceased and my nerves grew steady. Now my health is splendid and traffic has no terrors for me."

The remarkable results obtained from Dr. Williams' brand pink pills are due to the fact that these pills create rich, red blood, and this new blood feeds the nerves and revitalises the whole system. Try these pills now and see how soon you feel the benefit. Of chemists, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams. [Advt.]

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DIONNE 'QUINS'

. . . But do you know these FACTS about them?

1. They are the first complete "set" of Quintuplets, *in the history of the world*, ever to live for more than an hour.

2. The odds against such a five-fold birth are 57,000,000 to 1.

3. Only 32 cases of Quintuplets *being born* are recorded in the past 500 years.

4. The Dionne "Quins" were born 2 months before they were expected, and their total weight at birth was only 13 lbs. 6 ozs.

5. That they lived was marvellous. That they thrived into glowing health is an immortal tribute to those in charge of them.

6. By June 1935 — when they were 13 months old—each weighed nearly 17 lbs. In the following September the average weight of each "Quin" was 19 lbs. and height 2 ft. 5 ins.

7. Today, *they are as fit and healthy as any children in the world*—completely normal, intelligent, lovely babies *and*

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231C

THE QUAKER OATS THE 'QUINS' HAVE EVERY MORNING IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE QUAKER OATS SOLD AT YOUR GROCER'S

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This New Berkeley Superlax will bring you years of supreme comfort and the satisfaction of money really well spent. Handsomely proportioned, luxuriously upholstered, it suits everyone—tall or short. With its unique automatic action you can have any position from upright to resting and lounging without adjustment or leaving the chair.

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I have examined the New Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair and I am confident that its high quality will ensure the satisfaction of any "John Bull" reader who secures one. Please reserve 50 Easy Chairs to be presented to chief winners in our "Bullets" Competition No. 1,018.

Competition Editor, "John Bull."

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"The Superlax Chair arrived in good condition and my wife and I are very well pleased with it. It is very well finished and compares very well with much higher priced chairs which we have seen here. I hope it will give as good service as its predecessor which I bought from you about 12 years ago."

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THE EASY CHAIR THAT ADJUSTS ITSELF

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CASH PRICE 67/6

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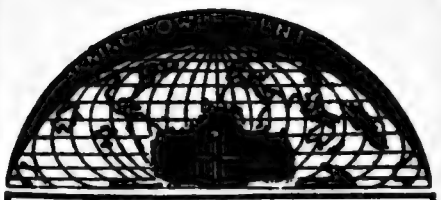

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LET ME BE YOUR FATHER
35 YEARS PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

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Let us tell YOU how to make a success of the life before you—by using your spare evenings wisely and pleasantly

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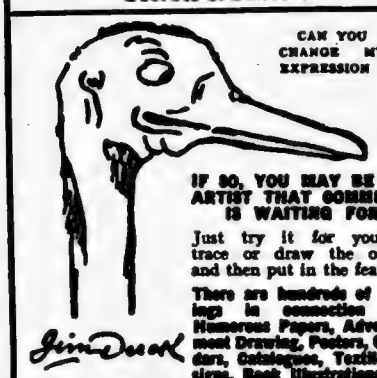

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60% of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw **what is wanted** but how to make buyers **want what you draw.** Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists; there is no limit to the possibilities. Let us send full particulars for a **FREE TRIAL** and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE SHEFFIELD

MY LIFE AT STAKE

turned away. I thought rather resentfully that the moonlight had played Arthur a dirty trick, and laughed inwardly at myself. Next moment he brought the boat round and peered in all directions.

"No one about," he said. "Seems all right to undress here."

I thought again that there was something queer about him. His voice sounded curiously metallic, but I put this down to the effect of the silence and the stillness of the sea.

"Will you go in first?"

Now I thought that this was quite a normal question, for it is unwise for two people both to leave a boat at the same time when the nearest land is about two miles away

So, assenting, I slipped off my clothes and, without troubling to don the bathing slip, dropped over the side.

The water struck cold after sitting still for some time, so, drawing a deep breath, I struck off at random and at a good pace.

AFTER fifty or sixty yards I suddenly heard the sound of the outboard engine again, and, looking round, saw the boat going off fast in the opposite direction.

Of course, I shouted and waved, but, to my horror, the boat kept on until it disappeared from my view. And there was I, dismally treading water, rapidly becoming numb with cold, wondering what on earth was the matter.

I had to think quickly. If Arthur intended this as a foolish practical joke he had already gone too far in more senses than one. I might be seized with cramp and drown before he could return.

But I could not help thinking of the strangeness of his manner immediately before stopping the boat. What could have come over him?

Then I looked, despairingly I think, towards the sky, and saw that great full moon staring down indifferently at me; its eerie light seemed to add to the terror of my predicament.

If Arthur had gone clean off his head the chances of my being found, two miles out at ten o'clock at night, seemed very slight. I was still swimming slowly, but already my breathing was laboured and painful and my damaged leg had gone quite numb.

Then, to my infinite relief, I heard a faint noise, and then quite distinctly the sound of the boat returning. I summoned my remaining strength to shout and wave, and the boat came straight towards me.

On and on it came, without diminishing in speed—and then I saw Arthur. He was crouched, half standing, one hand on the tiller, peering along the surface.

He must have seen me, for suddenly he threw back his head and laughed—I saw the glint of his strong white teeth—and with his free hand he gesticulated towards me.

At that I waited no longer, but with sudden excitement and renewed strength I dived from the surface and swam under water.

When I broke the surface again the boat was turning in a narrow circle, and Arthur was standing bolt upright, looking to right and left. Then he saw me, shouted something unintelligible, and again the boat came at me.

By now I was convinced that the man was a maniac and I was giving way to

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

who contributes the first of a new series of True Life Stories next week
(See page 24)

despair. I could not possibly support myself in the water for more than a few minutes longer, but once again I dived.

This time, though, my head seemed to split, the breath caught in my throat, and I found myself swallowing water. I must have stayed under for some moments, and when I came to the surface it was not through any effort of my own.

I MERELY found my arms free to grab feebly at the air, and for a second or two I fought madly for breath.

Then, down I went again, and as I sank my mind seemed to become strangely clear. I remember a distinct pang of regret that this charming boy, Arthur, should be afflicted with some terrible mental disease. I felt thoroughly sorry for myself, too.

My outstanding idea was that it was all a great pity. There was no more effort or conflict in my mind, no more terror.

The last conscious idea in my brain was one of regret. I seemed to think of several things I should have liked to do if I had not unhappily had to die so soon.

That was my last thought, so far as I remember. I seemed to go down a very long way and drop through the bottom of the ocean on to some softer and kinder element altogether.

There were strange noises in my ears and I seemed to be rushing along through space like a planet. I could see a couple of indifferent moons far above me, and one of them said:

"Put something over him, anyway."

This was so astonishing that I shivered very violently and realised that I was lying completely unclad on some cold flat surface, being surveyed by a couple of matter-of-fact young women.

"That's better," one of them said. "But it serves you right for swimming out too far!"

It transpired that these two ladies, who lived with their elderly parents near to the guest-house, had taken out their sailing boat and been becalmed.

WITHOUT worrying about the time, they had allowed their boat to drift towards the shore until a small motor-boat had shot past.

A few minutes later they heard a curious gurgling sound from somewhere over the side, and looking over had seen *me.*

In any case, I had not seen their boat at all before. I could only be grateful that it happened to be there.

I gathered that I had been subjected to a good deal of twisting and pounding before I consented to open my eyes; and I can only hope to be spared in the future the efforts of amateur artificial respiration enthusiasts. But this must seem ungrateful.

As for Arthur, he made off for the second time that night. I was landed at the private jetty and assisted by my benefactors to the house, where I was put to bed. A doctor who was staying there kept me to my room for a week.

Meanwhile, Arthur disappeared, although the boat was found abandoned seven miles down the coast, its fuel exhausted.

He was found two days later, wandering absently and quite mad. He spent a long time in a mental home afterwards, but I believe that he eventually recovered sufficiently to be allowed to join his family.

And I discovered that not only had he had these "lapses" before when the moon was at its full, but that one indication of an impending breakdown was a display of the most touching kindness!

I don't bear the poor chap any ill-will: he was not responsible for his actions. For a month, at any rate, he was the most delightful companion; and, after all, I am thankful to have emerged from my ordeal to tell this tale.

MOON MANIA—*continued from page 24*

YOUTHFUL HEROES

TWO modest young heroes stood before their assembled schoolfellows recently while the "Head" told a story of their courage that made them blush.

It was how, while on their way home from school, they acted with a promptitude that saved a home and probably a life.

* * *

If it had been left to them, the headmaster would never have known anything about it!

A housewife had entered her sitting room to find her oil-stove ablazze. Bravely she tried to carry it through the front door, but the flames were fanned by such a strong breeze from the street that she had to drop it as a result of her burns.

It was then that the two boys noticed her plight.

They had to leap through flames to get brooms with which to push the blazing stove into the street. Then they got water to put out burning woodwork which threatened, within a few minutes, to set fire to the entire house. They soon extinguished that.

And not until they made sure of attention for the housewife, who was suffering from painful burns, besides looking after the safety of a baby and another person in the house, did they go home, whistling calmly.

It was the husband of the injured woman who saw to it that the courage and resource of those boys were brought to the attention of their school. And he sent a letter of gratitude to JOHN BULL, too.

For our part in it was to pay the maximum benefit payable for injuries by fire in an accident of this kind with an alacrity that surprised the recipient.

* * *

Although, as the householder says, he is "only a new reader of JOHN BULL," our unique Free Family Insurance scheme gave him help he will never forget.

It was a simple precaution that earned him—as it has done thousands like him—a helping hand when it was most necessary. Just his signature on a coupon which is reprinted to-day on page 42 for *your* use at no cost to yourself.

We are waiting for it!

Keep the Kidneys active!

Nobody puts up with clogging of the bowels, but clogged kidneys which have more serious results are often neglected. Backache, urinary disorders, disturbed sleep, dizzy attacks, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are the frequent results.

These symptoms of kidney weakness warn you that self-poisoning is going on—they indicate that the blood which should nourish the tissues, the nerves and the joints is upsetting the system by carrying impurities to all parts of the body.

The kidneys need flushing by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. When this diuretic and urinary stimulant has cleansed the millions of tiny kidney filters, rich, pure blood will again nourish the body. Doans Pills contain no harmful drugs; without causing the least discomfort they end those days and nights of needless pain. People in all parts of the world bless Doans Pills for their present good health. Why not benefit by their experience and start taking Doans Pills, now?

INSIST UPON DOANS. 1/3, 3/-, 5/-. [Advt.]

OUTSTANDING SUCCESS at 10 for 4d.

Now

IN NEW "RIGID" PACKET

5 for 2d.

COLOURED PICTURE OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLER IN EVERY PACKET

BLACK CAT

MEDIUM CIGARETTES

ALSO IN PACKETS OF 10 FOR 4d.

B.C.11

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

The soothing virtue of blackcurrant comes to you in Rowntree's Blackcurrant Gums and Pastilles. You can buy them by themselves—but you will also find Blackcurrant in Rowntree's Mixed Gums or Pastilles—in company with lime, lemon, tangerine, plum, apricot, strawberry, raspberry and gooseberry. (*Try them between smokes!*)

DON'T FORGET! Rowntree's Mixed Fruit Clear Gums (*Hard*) and Mixed Fruit Pastilles (*Medium*) are sold loose 6d. per ¼ lb., and in packets, 2d., 3d. and 6d. Blackcurrant flavour alone, loose 6d. per ¼ lb., and in packets, 2d. and 6d.

Then there are Juicy-Fruits (*Soft*)—Mixed Fruit Flavours only—which are sold at 6d. per ¼ lb. loose, or in packets 6d.

Gar. 4 JB.

Bacon Curers

BY APPOINTMENT

Stout fellows, these Harris, Calne, Wiltshire Sausages. Not only fine, firm, substantial full-bodied fellows, but having a 'more-ish' tastiness which clearly indicates a touch of genius in their making. Ask for them by name and be particularly careful to see that the word 'Calne' is on the label.

"As good as their Famous Bacon"

For name of nearest supplier write to Dept. 33

HARRIS

CALNE WILTSHIRE

SAUSAGES

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

When PITY is not Enough

"A LITTLE help is worth a lot of pity," says the old proverb. Yet so often there is not much that one can do except offer sympathy to those who really need help.

A great number of those who write to me, however, are helped by a little advice when they have a problem to solve.

A young man who lives in the Irish Free State writes this week to tell me that his work on a farm does not satisfy him, and he therefore made application to join the Royal Air Force. But when he wrote to the Recruiting Officer of the Service he was informed that applications could only be considered from those resident in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland.

I read in one of your articles (the letter goes on) some sound advice about hospital work, and I wonder if you can suggest any opening which I could fill. I shall be indeed grateful to you if you can help me.

There is one suggestion I would make to my correspondent. I think he might well consider taking up training to become a male nurse. There are always openings for the right man in this sphere, either in an institution or in looking after an invalid.

OPPORTUNITIES are afforded for this training under the London County Council and the course is for four years. The rate of remuneration during the period of training is £2 7s. a week, rising by 3s. a week to £2 16s. Out of this lodgings have to be paid, although meals are served whilst on duty in the hospital.

The work is on similar lines to that of an ordinary nurse, and examinations, including the State one, have to be passed.

Further information can be obtained from the Medical Superintendent of the London County Council, at County Hall, London, or from any of the L.C.C. institutions such as the New End Hospital, Hampstead, London, N.W., or the Hackney Hospital, Hackney, London, N.E.

My next correspondent also is interested in hospital work. He tells me:

I am eighteen years old and have had a secondary school education, but just failed to get my matriculation by failing in French. I have a great desire to work in a big hospital so that I can be of service to my fellow-men. My father is the steward of an institution and I have been in contact with the patients all my life. My mother has been in ill-health for the past three years and I have gained experience in helping to nurse her.

I should like to become specialised in one branch of hospital life, preferably where I could come into contact with the out-patients. I am willing to study hard so that I may become proficient in whatever work I take up.

I WONDER if the suggestion I have made to my first correspondent also appeals to this young man? It is one worth his consideration. There is also the medical profession, but in this case it is essential to have passed the matriculation or equivalent examination.

Another opening is that of pharmacist. There is a dispensary in most hospitals, and the work is of a valued and interesting character. If this proposal is seriously considered, I strongly urge my correspondent to obtain the Certificate of the Pharmaceutical Society. The first step on this road is to pass the College of Preceptors examination. All information can be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society at Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

I hope, in one of these ways, this young man will achieve his desire to be of service to his fellow-men.

You may find it a difficult matter to tell your very personal worry to another, but you will find Philip Inman, who conducts this page, both understanding and helpful

As it is difficult in these days for men who are perfectly fit to obtain work, it must be desperately hard for those who have some physical disability. Here is a case of that kind:

I am now thirty-four years of age (writes this man), and when I was a boy I had practically no schooling, for I had a long spell of illness due to a severe attack of infantile paralysis. When I was about fifteen, my father tried to get me into the boot repairing trade, but as he had not sufficient money to pay for my training the idea had to be dropped.

The time passed and I still found myself with nothing to do, although I tried everything I could think of, but always with the same result. Everyone seemed afraid to employ me because I was a cripple.

All my life I have been dependent on my parents, and several times lately I have been reminded of the fact, and it stings terribly. I fully realise that they cannot afford to keep me now that my father is only drawing the old age pension, and I have no one to whom I can turn for help.

I *can* work and I am willing to do anything so long as there isn't any heavy lifting to do. I can walk for miles, ride a cycle and swim, and yet for all this I have never been given a chance to earn my own living. Surely there is some other way out besides the workhouse? Is there any society to whom I could apply for help?

My readers will, I know, share the sympathy I feel for this correspondent. It is bad enough to be denied the chance of work. It is infinitely worse to be crippled through infantile paralysis. I shall be only too glad if I can give this young man any help.

I wonder if the Cripples' Training College at Leatherhead, Surrey, could assist him? It will at least be worth his while writing to them.

I would also urge him to communicate with the Secretary of the Society for the Promotion of Occupational Industries Among the Physically Disabled, the address of which is 4a, Eccleston Street, Victoria, S.W.1. It is likely that, as a result, he will receive a call from one of their trained officials.

I HOPE from one of these sources he will obtain help that will gratify his desire to become self-supporting. Apart from the money side of it, such an outlet should prove a great mental tonic to him.

A great many deaf people write to me for advice.

Here is a typical case:

Could you please tell me of anything that would improve my hearing? You see, my husband is in business and I have to attend to the counter occasionally and it makes me feel so awkward when I can't understand what customers are asking for. I am partly deaf in both ears and I have heard of various instruments that people can wear.

I would suggest to my correspondent that she should write to Mr. A. J. Storey, of the National Institute for the Deaf, 105, Gower Street, London, W.C.1. I am sure that he will be able to assist her in the matter.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted

NIGHT TRAGEDY

SIX months ago, the mother of four-year-old Rita, who is the youngest but one of nine children, was happy because her husband, after being ill and out of work for nearly two years had secured a job. Suddenly, her joy was turned to tragedy. Her husband, an ex-Service man, returning on his cycle from his work—a night shift—was knocked down by a car, it is believed, as he was found at midnight lying in the road. He died in the infirmary the following day.

Rita

Rita's mother would willingly work, but she cannot leave her family of young children, the youngest of whom is sixteen months. Her rent is 16s. a week, which is difficult to find out of the boy's earnings and relief from the Guardians.

Their doctor states that he can vouch absolutely for the respectability and *bona fides* of Rita's mother.

* * *

Donations earmarked "Rita," or for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

New! PREVENT Many Colds!

Vick Chemists have just perfected a remarkable new formula—Vick-Vatronol brand Nasal Medicament—specially designed to aid Nature's defence against colds. At the first sign of "stuffiness" or irritation in the nose, where most colds start, quick!—a few drops up each nostril! Its stimulating medication helps to prevent many colds altogether or to throw them off in the early stages.

Husky Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

STRANGE DIFFERENCE IN HEALTH OF TWO CHILDREN

EDNA . . . . . AGED 5
Gain in weight . . 7 ozs. in 6 months
COLDS LAST WINTER 4

MARY . . . . . AGED 5
Gain in weight . over 3 lbs. in 6 months
COLDS LAST WINTER . . NONE

"My sister's girl doesn't catch cold. Why does mine?"

"AT the recent school outing I could have hidden my face in shame. My girl seemed so pale and peaky beside the other girls. Even Mary, my sister's child, who's a few months younger, is much stronger and catches cold much less often. My sister gives her girl Scotts Brand Emulsion in winter, but I give Edna a winter tonic too. If only I knew what was wrong," writes a Glasgow mother.

Such experiences make motherhood a heavy burden. It all goes back to the fact that children's digestions are not strong enough to deal with certain foods.

A famous Medical Research Body working in London has recently confirmed that it makes a big difference to a child's health which kind of winter tonic mothers choose. "Because," states this Research Body, "only when liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil can children wholly digest the oil and so get the body building goodness they need."

* * *

When a mother chooses a winter tonic, it is all-important to a child's health that she should think of the word 'Digestion.' Because this is what makes one child stronger than another. In Scotts Brand Emulsion every drop of oil is so finely divided that it forms a white digestible cream. 30 minutes after a spoonful passes into your child's stomach every drop has gone to strengthen her whole body, and particularly her chest and lungs. At once she begins to build up a resistance to winter illness such as she has never had before.

* * *

How a child improves as soon as she is given a digestible winter tonic is clearly shown in this proud mother's letter. "I used to envy other mothers when I saw how much stronger and healthier their children were than my girl. Last winter she kept catching one cold on top of the other. Then I put her on to Scotts. She's a regular tomboy now, but I don't mind so long as she's healthy," writes a mother from Birmingham. Get Scotts Brand Emulsion from your chemist to-day and see the difference it makes to *your* child.

£1,100 AND 50 HAMPERS WON IN "JOHN BULL" DIAGON CROSSWORD No. 1

In connection with "John Bull" Diagon Crossword No. 1, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 40) were those submitted by the following five competitors, who share the £1,000 offered as First Prize.

Miss M. A. Bray, 63, Grove Street, Huddersfield.
Mrs. S. A. Crook, 13, Vineyards, Bath.
Miss D. F. Flegg, 35A, Genoria Street, Wisbech, Cambs.
J. Walters, 3, Heolddu Drive, Bargoed.
Mrs. A. Whitmore, 47, Geary Road, Dollis Hill, London, N.W.10.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £200 will be sent to each of them.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 45 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These Winners will each receive £2 4s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

In addition to their cash awards, each of the five competitors sharing the First Prize and 45 competitors who divide the Prize for Runners-up, will receive a Giant 10-in-1 Hamper.

The £100 Bonus offered in "Apt-words" No. 6 has been divided between W. H. Barry, Dundonald, Belfast; A. Chapman, London, N.6; M. J. Dingle, Oxford; E. J. Gould, Liverpool; W. J. Jacobs, Wallasey; J. E. Kent, Stockport; H. Marshall, Wakefield, A. D. Morgan, Port Talbot; B. Nicholls, Whitchurch, Salop; Mrs. D. Stimson, Stretford, M/c.; H. Trimble, Belfast; W. H. Walker, Harehills, Leeds; A. White, Holbeach, Lincs.

"Yes, and it's so easy — a quick polish with Zebo and it's done"

"IT wouldn't seem a bit like home without that nice, bright fireplace," says *Mrs. E. Kirby*, 163, *Glenarm Rd., Clapton, E.5.* "And it's no trouble at all to keep it like a new pin. Any time during the week, I just use a little Zebo and give the grate a quick polish and it comes up like black satin. It's ever so easy. I use Zebo on the fenders and fireback too. It brightens up the whole fireplace and makes the room look much more cosy."

ZEBO

ALSO ZEBRA IN PASTE AND PACKETS

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For convenience, many carry 'Milk of Magnesia' in the handy Tablet form. Each Tablet equal to one teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. A neat flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also a family size bottle 2/. Of all chemists. For a most convincing proof try the Tablets after your next meal.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

'COUGHS were ruining my life'

"FAMEL SYRUP PUT ME RIGHT"

"I have been busy recommending your most wonderful Famel Syrup. As a coach driver I have friends all along the road, and they have all been asking how I escaped the dreadful sickening cough that used to haunt me. For years I was never any good in winter, and had to give up good jobs until warm weather came again, but all this winter I have never felt better in my life. After the first small bottle of Famel Syrup I knew I had at last found the right stuff for me, and in all the cold weather and night driving this winter I have not coughed at all — not even once."

M. R. . . . , Notting Hill.

Always we hear the same story, told in different words, of sufferers from terrible heart-breaking coughs who could have recovered years ago, if only they had tried Famel Syrup. Many sufferers have friends who know Famel Syrup and eventually they hear of it from them. Others are too proud to take advice — at first. But in the end they all come to Famel Syrup, because Famel Syrup does a most unusual thing. It removes the CAUSE of the cough! For many years doctors have known that the only effective way to deal with a cough is to attack the germs from within—through the blood-stream — and this is what Famel Syrup actually does. Its soluble Lactocreosote (discovered in the Famel Laboratories) actually destroys the germs that irritate your breathing passages and lungs. You are not merely relieved for the time being — your body is freed from the infecting germs, and strengthened against new attacks.

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By a Show Exhibitor

TRYING IT on the Dog Show

VISITORS to many of the 1,200 dog shows now held in this country every year, and particularly to the biggest—Cruft's, which celebrates its fiftieth anniversary in London on February 12—often wonder whether the faking of dog exhibits is entirely a thing of the past, and what constitute the limits to which a dog's preparation can legitimately be carried.

In the early days of dog shows, faking undoubtedly was perfected to the status of a fine art. Inferior specimens frequently were transformed into prize-winners, and this sordid kind of thing eventually brought British dog shows into such disrepute that the best types of breeders and fanciers withdrew their support.

These flagrant abuses led directly to the formation of the Kennel Club—the omnipotent body which now controls dog shows with extreme thoroughness. The penalty following any proved deception is the rigorous banning of the guilty parties from all shows.

Apart from the exhibits by prominent breeders and professionals, the majority of dogs seen at shows to-day belong to private individuals who are proud of their dog and fancy his chances for a prize.

About three months before the show, the dog usually is given a good stripping out. Unless he is always kept trimmed, this means that all the dead hair is removed. A few days before the contest he has a final trim and grooming, his teeth are cleaned, and sometimes he needs a little ring training.

In stripping, the hairs are pulled out, no scissors being employed. The process, which costs about a guinea at most high-class dog "beauty parlours," is somewhat similar to eyebrow plucking. Stripping brings out a dog's good points, but it is extremely hard work, and for the average-sized dog, occupies about two hours.

Dyeing a dog's coat is not so common now as it was even a few years back, and I think this is due not so much to a more honest regard for the regulations, but to the immense improvements in breeding in recent times.

A sealyham, for instance, should not have any dark markings behind the collar, although these are permissible on the head. When such blemishes occur in an otherwise fine specimen, it will be realised that the temptation to some owners may be very great. A black dog with a "white shirt front" presents a similar problem.

ALTERATION of a dog's natural colour or markings by any artificial means is now strictly prohibited, but I am afraid it can be done so cleverly as to be well nigh indetectable.

This must not be confused, however, with the perfectly legitimate devices now commonly employed to confer upon a dog's coat that delicate "bloom" so appreciated by judges and public alike.

In the case of the long-coated breeds, a little paraffin and olive oil are often used as a hair tonic, but all traces must be removed before a dog enters the ring.

White-coated dogs are frequently treated with boric acid powder, powdered chalk or whiting, which has the effect of cleaning and heightening the colour.

That hard, bristly texture of the coats of many wire-haired fox-terriers seen at the shows is due, I am told, to a sparing application of alum or finely powdered resin.

These aids to beauty are of a temporary nature only, and most faults in dogs intended for show are corrected more or less permanently when they are very young.

If a dog's ears flop and do not prick up in the proper manner, they can be made to do so. Sometimes they are put into plaster or a kind of splint.

A terrier puppy inclined to "fly his ears" can be corrected by having a small weight, often a piece of stiff leather, attached to the inside of his flaps, thus causing the ears to fold over gracefully. When this is removed it may be found that the ear remains in the correct position. The right time to do this is when the puppy is teething, and in later life it may be impossible to detect.

Carriage of a dog's ears, if faulty, can also be rectified by a slight surgical operation. If the ears stand erect, for instance, instead of drooping in a manner conforming to the best standards of the breed, the defect can be permanently corrected by severance of a tendon.

Properly performed, this operation is practically painless, but a dog which has thus been operated upon is not officially eligible for showing. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that although a defect of this kind may be overcome in a particular animal, the original trouble usually reappears in any progeny.

By similar methods a puppy can be made to carry his tail in the approved fashion. In terriers, for example, the tail should be straight up, or with only a very slight curve; but should they have a squirrel tail, a minor surgical operation may be necessary. So cleverly can this be done that I have heard of dogs with tails broken two or three times which have got past judges even nowadays.

FACE lifting for dogs may sound far-fetched, yet Griffon puppies are often assisted artificially to acquire that peculiar crushed-in nose and flattened countenance which is the hall-mark of excellence in their breed.

Mouths can be straightened. Scotties, for example, must have a perfectly level mouth. By pulling out a few back teeth and suitable strapping back of the lower face it is possible to make an uneven mouth straight, provided this is attempted early enough in a dog's life. An "undershot" mouth, or protruding lower lip, can similarly be corrected, and frequently is.

One of the most amazing tricks, which is little known to the general public, concerns the preparation of a dog's eyes. As in human beings, the success of a dog often is due to the wonderful power of expression in the eyes.

Some dogs have pink eyes, but in the majority of breeds one of the signs of a good specimen is a clearly defined black rim round the eyelids. When this is lacking in an otherwise promising dog, the black edging actually is tattooed on by a process almost identical with that used by sailors to embellish their arms and chests with nautical pictures.

As regards the ethics of show dog preparation, opinions differ. My own view is that provided the regulations are scrupulously carried out, there is nothing wrong in wishing to improve a dog's natural beauty as much as possible.

The gross deceptions of the past have gone for ever. No exhibitor to-day can afford to ignore the rules which have been devised for the protection of himself, other exhibitors and the public. In the case of anyone who depends for his living upon breeding or preparation of dogs for shows, the penalties for infringement wisely have been made so severe that the game would not be worth the candle.

Thanks to the vigilance of the Kennel Club, Britain's dog shows to-day are not only the pride of all true dog lovers in this country but the envy of the rest of the world.

Provided the regulations are scupulously carried out—it was not always so—there is nothing wrong in improving a dog's looks as much as possible

Your Secret Worry.

Few complaints cause more pain and distress than Piles. The seriousness of the trouble is not generally understood because sufferers invariably avoid discussion of the subject. The constant pain and irritation, the inflammation and congestion, and that heavy, dragging "bearing-down" feeling which is always present makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work, whilst continual sleepless nights undermine the system both mentally and physically. The Magic Pile Cure will instantly relieve the inflamed and irritated condition of swollen piles. The first application of this soothing remedy will reduce protrusions, check hæmorrhage and rapidly heal. Surgical methods are unnecessary—you can cure yourself easily and painlessly in the privacy of your own home as thousands of others have done. Why experiment with cheap and untried remedies? The Magic Pile Cure has been used and recommended for over a quarter of a century; there is nothing "just as good" for the treatment of internal, external, blind or bleeding piles. It relieves where all else fails.

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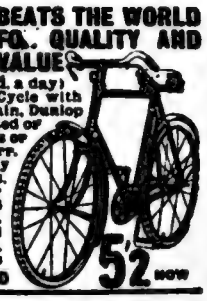

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All you have to do is to send your photograph with your name, address and age written on the back together with a little coloured disc to Beauty Editress, Competition Dept., Geraldine House, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Please be sure to enclose the disc, any Chemist, Hairdresser or Store will give you a disc FREE with every Jar of Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream you buy. Full particulars will appear in "John Bull" on February 22nd.

1000 PRIZES A WEEK MUST BE WON

RACING Abandoned!

TWENTY days of steeplechase racing have already been abandoned this season, so pity the poor jockey whose lot is not a particularly happy or lucrative one when he is racing!

—THE TWO-WORD TRAGEDY

"RACING abandoned!" Twenty times during the present jumping season racecourse stewards have reached this decision. Recent snow, ice, frost and flood have caused one of the biggest hold-ups in the sport since the Government stopped racing during the war, and then repented its decision in view of the widespread hardship that resulted.

Both Derby meetings have been wiped out by bad weather, and the Sandown meeting abandoned.

Every fixture from January 13 to January 29 was cancelled, including six excellent programmes in one week.

Telephone messages have been sent to the railway companies time and again in order to stop would-be racegoers at the barriers. In some cases the occupants of race-trains have suddenly become aware that they were steaming back to the stations from which they started, the course having been pronounced unfit at the last moment.

You have got to get behind the scenes of racing to realise how cruel bad weather can be to the vast army of folk who are dependent on the sport of kings for their livelihoods, and then you get an idea as to what a big industry the sport has become.

First let us examine the losses to bloodstock breeding, for the encouragement and support of which racing is supposed to exist.

Even at the less important meetings between £750 and £1,000 in prize money is offered every day; so that the aggregate loss of prize money through cancelled meetings in a season like the present cannot be less than £30,000.

Think of this as loss of interest on capital invested to realise the full seriousness of it, for even the richer owners interested in keeping intact Britain's predominance in horse-breeding must look to racing to provide some sort of return on their huge investments.

So that altogether, not forgetting the important fact that a horse in training costs the man whose colours it bears between £4 and £5 a week, it would be no exaggeration to put the total losses of owners due to bad weather down to something like £40,000.

Jockeys' risks

From these figures anybody skilled in the finance of racing can work out for himself that trainers working on the percentage basis have lost more than £3,000.

The effect of that, indeed, is that some of the smaller stables are at their wit's end to make ends meet.

And now for the jockeys. And, first, there is this to be said about the jockeys of winter racing, that while the worst of their summer flat racing colleagues are rich men, the best of the steeplechase jockeys have every reason to regard themselves as poor.

They take risks that would make the bravest flat-race jockeys pale. Often, when they jump, Death takes the jump alongside them. A strange horse is a thousand times bigger gamble for them than for the man who need never take a jump.

Scores of those winter riders have to travel from one meeting to another, paying their own expenses and depending on chance mounts for a livelihood. They are lucky if they can be assured of a mount a day, even if they rarely qualify for the ten guineas fee that goes to a winning rider.

For those men, who even at the best of times must risk their lives for a comparative pittance when the better-known flat-race jockeys are wintering abroad, 120 lost races—that is the toll to date of the present season—inflict great hardships.

Nor must we forget racecourse executives. Even the few of them that insure against loss of profits due to bad weather, which in itself is a most expensive proceeding, never really cover themselves against loss.

And as for the others—well, it is still a dream of many of them that one day the "tote" will come to the help of the smaller and poorer meetings who can less afford such fiascos as those of the present season.

A dream it will remain. The "tote" can only help racing in a very general way.

Faithful dependants

But behind the scenes of racing there is another army of people who are totally dependent on the sport for food and bed.

On the earliest race trains of the day you will see them, quite a train-load of them in all—the mobile regiment who keep the gates, handle the money, sell the tickets, look after the number boards and perform a hundred-and-one duties in connection with the running of a race-meeting.

Nobody employs them and yet every racecourse does in turn. Year in, year out they turn up to do their job. Racecourse executives never write to them individually.

They just trust them either to put in an appearance on the morning of a race or to send a properly trained deputy. And never is an executive let down by any one of them.

Unfortunately "no racing, no pay" is the rule as far as these loyal old free-lances are concerned. Remember that Hurst Park employs 150 of them and you will get some idea of what distress they suffer in the mass when racing is abandoned.

Add to that the fact that Hurst Park finds employment for 100 of the women caterers who travel about from meeting to meeting and you will believe that from £700 to £800 is lost to these people for every abandoned meeting.

And there are many meetings employing far greater numbers.

How can these losses which have fallen with particular severity this winter be avoided in future? Racing people wish they knew.

There is a chemical which takes the "hard bone" out of turf to a depth of several inches, but this is no solution. The cost of treating two miles of course is prohibitive; added to which is the fact that a horse that has just taken a high jump will pound its way down to the hard ground that the chemical has not affected.

Then there are people who suggest the use of dirt and cinders, as in America.

That will never do here in England. For one thing English rain—which seems to be more penetrative than the American downpour—has been found to make a black porridge of such a mixture. On top of that some of our best racecourses were put near to rivers for the sake of beauty and the freshness of the turf, and "dirt" would be perpetually moist under such conditions.

No, the National Hunt Committee is trying more particularly at the moment to help the various people dependent on the jumping season through a particularly bad patch.

They will probably find a few new fixtures for the racecourse executives affected by the postponement of racing as a tribute of remembrance to the late King.

As to those hit by the weather, one suggestion is that the Jockey Club should be asked to permit one steeplechase or hurdle race in every flat programme until May 2 or even later.

It would be the rich half of racing's gesture to the less prosperous half that has been so cruelly hit in the last few weeks.

If horse-racing is truly for the good of breeding, no spirit of competition would be allowed to stand in the way, although it must be remembered that there are other considerations to be borne in mind—such, for instance, as whether the sports followers would like these mixed fixtures.

Here's the way to make really light pastry

Different pies and puddings need different amounts of baking powder. You cannot get the best results with flour that contains a fixed amount of "raising." Remember:
1. Vary the quantity of baking powder according to what you are making.
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"It depends on what *kind* of laxative you mean, Mrs. Bolton.

I always advise mothers to give 'California Syrup of Figs' — at any time of the year. It's a safe laxative that acts on the bowels naturally and gently. It will not upset his system and there is no fear of Freddie catching cold afterwards.

As a matter of fact, when the weather is cold, bowel regularity is one sure way of enabling children to keep clear of chills and winter epidemics — it keeps them healthy and up to the mark.

Give Freddie a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs', then you can be sure he is internally clean, and his stomach and digestion in good order. That's the best safeguard in winter-time! I've had some wonderful cases with 'California Syrup of Figs' — it's the ideal laxative for children. But strong drastic purgatives, however temptingly disguised — no! That's just courting danger.

Let Freddie have a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' at bed-time to-night, and see that he has it regularly once a week. Then you need have no more worry.

'California Syrup of Figs' is a fine laxative for grown-ups. I always take it and advise you to, Mrs. Bolton.

Your chemist sells it in two sizes, 1/3 and 2/6. The larger is the cheaper in the long run, but be sure to get '*California* Syrup of Figs' brand."

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ITS prime aim and object being to enhance the national well-being, JOHN BULL never allows its vigilance to wander far from that biggest asset a nation can have—trade.

Sometimes it devotes itself to removing grit from the wheels, sometimes to applying a spot of much-needed lubricant to the works, both of which are necessary in any machine if it is to function properly.

We do that because we regard trade as too important a thing to be allowed to look after itself; because, while regarding British goods as the best the world produces, we are often inclined to regard our methods as such that we might well be selling rubbish.

It was in that spirit, recently, that JOHN BULL enlisted the interest and co-operation of the nation's shopkeepers in an effort to increase trade and prosperity all round.

Under the stimulus of our Third National Window Display Contest thousands of shopkeepers, big and small alike, displayed advertised goods in their windows with all the artistry, ingenuity and selling-power of which they were capable.

Increased sales

No doubt you saw some of those windows with their bright JOHN BULL labels which stamped them as entrants for the £1,000 and scores of other prizes we offered.

Hundreds of them were real Royal Academy pieces of commerce. Hundreds more showed a solid, hearty pride in advertised and branded goods that passers-by found so infectious that they couldn't resist looking, stopping—and buying.

Thousands of shopkeepers were taught by their own customers, if they didn't know it already, that good goods were things worth shouting about and showing to the best advantage. And the form that lesson took—it would banish a great deal of unemployment if carried out on a big enough scale—was Increased Sales.

Naturally the millions of people who have participated in this vast national enterprise, either as entrants or purchasers, will want to know who, in the opinion of a committee of experts appointed to decide, showed off advertised goods to the best advantage.

The prize-winners

The £1,000 and a gold medal went to Messrs. A. L. Gardner and Co., of Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. If you doubt whether a window-display showing your pride in the goods you sell is worth the cost or trouble, take their word for it that their sales of Guinness soared by 35 per cent. in the case of small lots and at least 65 per cent. for bigger quantities!

Then £100 and a silver medal went to Messrs. Letbe (Southfields), Ltd., of Brookwood Road, Southfields, London, S.W., whose sales of Gibbs' Dentifrice rose amazingly as a result.

And many more people are saying "Player's, Please," as a result of the display which won £50 and a bronze medal for Messrs. Excels, of 108, Gunnersbury Avenue, Ealing.

There was a prize of £100 for the reader who sent in the best slogan in connection with the event—Mr. H. A. Tate, 10, Southchurch Hall Close, Southend, who described the Valor Oil Heater in the words: "Off the Cold Standard with Valor."

These and scores of others are cash awards. But there are others more important!

There is the prize that has gone to British trade as a whole, and, through it, to scores of thousands of workpeople. There are the prizes that have gone to the retailers who participated, in the shape of better business.

"Sold more in two months than a year," writes one. He may compare his results with firms that report sales multiplied by three, four and even more, and one that had to withdraw its display as it sold out of the article concerned and couldn't get more from the maker!

Staggering

"Much greater demand for things not displayed as well," writes another. Judging by many hundreds of appreciative letters, including that from the chief prize winners, that was the common experience.

"Increased sales sticking," writes yet another. Hundreds say that, too, including the winner of the £1,000 award—and many who won no cash prizes at all.

At one place the contest put up the sale of Gas by 18 per cent. Another trader had to reorder three times goods he had always considered slow sellers. A chemist sold his winter supply of one article in three days. A grocer grumbled that his regular customers had to fight their way through to his windows.

There are enough letters like that to fill JOHN BULL. What an aggregate of increased business they represent—and how staggering would be the figure if interpreted as days of labour for workpeople!

We are proud of the many things we have done to help and foster trade in the home country.

We have preached "Buy more, spend more, make more," and got results—for industry.

Believing that prosperity is in our own hands, we have never stopped teaching that the day has gone when it comes to people who wait.

We have attacked abuses. Our readers will remember the part we played in condemning the fantastic and now defunct Empire Marketing Board, which spent millions of pounds collected from home farmers and traders to tell the country to buy goods from overseas.

We have pilloried industrial follies—such, for instance, as when a British Industries Fair exhibitor lost a £20,000 order because there was no one at his stall capable of taking an order; when certain British manufacturers spent thousands of pounds showing at Buenos Aires and yet had no South American address; and when we have just slung our samples abroad and let them take pot-luck.

What damage every industry of the nation was done, as we showed at the time, when mouldy bread was shown at the International Bread Exhibition at Rome as the exhibit of London, Leeds, Liverpool and Hull bakers.

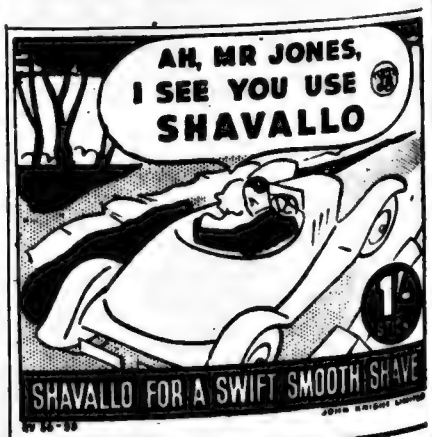
We have fought habitual debtors, bogus agencies and the army of crooks who batten on industry.

And all the time we have known that the retailer has one of the biggest parts to play.

Gone for ever is the day when it was enough for him to polish the name-plate, throw open the doors and look out for customers.

Just as the nation must show them to the world, he must show his own town the goods he has to sell—boldly and proudly. The right article will do the rest.

The proof lies in the tremendous success of JOHN BULL'S Third National Window Display, in which we have had such staunch support from the considerably more than 1,500,000 homes of the JOHN BULL family.



TRY ONE IF GOING OUT IN FOG
4d. OR. NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d. OR.
GOOD FOR LUBRICATING THE THROAT

Build up Health and Strength

FEBRUARY

Children especially need 'Angiers' now

Give them 'Angiers'—guard against Serious Winter Ailments

This emulsion is invaluable for building up health and strength in all run-down conditions and wasting diseases or after any serious illness. It soothes the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines, corrects digestive and bowel irregularities, promotes normal healthy appetite, overcomes nervous depression and greatly increases vitality.

'Angiers' is the ideal tonic restorative after influenza, and in all cases of lung, stomach or bowel weakness. 'Angiers' is the most palatable of all emulsions and it agrees perfectly with delicate, sensitive stomachs. Equally useful for adults and children.

"Splendid results from its use."

A Doctor writes: "Please accept my best thanks for the bottle of 'Angiers' which you sent for my wife. I have waited to acknowledge it until she has taken a good part of it, and I am pleased to say that on a very trying cough, and much debility, following a severe attack of influenza, its effect has been most beneficial. She found the Emulsion an excellent lubricant and tonic. I shall certainly recommend it." (Sgd.)—M.A., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H.

Of Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

ANGIERS BRAND EMULSION

ENDORSED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Pimples

invite Blood-Poisoning AND Ugly Skin Diseases

Disease germs abound everywhere, and the slightest pimple or skin abrasion offers an open door to infection. Use this simple unfailing Cuticura treatment to-day — to prevent blood-poisoning, to eradicate the beginnings of torturing, disfiguring Eczema or other stubborn skin disease.

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura Brand Ointment penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs and poisonous matter which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery. Facial pimples and rashes vanish as if by magic.

Cuticura Brand Ointment

THE WONDER HEALER AND SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC

KILLS GERMS

DRAWS OUT POISONS

CLEARS THE SKIN

Cuticura

PREPARATIONS

For Clear Healthy Skin

Sold by all Chemists

Don't overlook the **"John Bull" Shop Window** *on pages 2 and 3 and* **The Small Ads Worth Watching** *on page 16.*

GOOD NEWS FOR SUFFERERS FROM CATARRH

MORE DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES FOR SAME PRICE

Here is good news for the tens of thousands of sufferers who have found that the pleasantest and quickest way to cure Nasal and Bronchial Catarrh, or to stop Asthma Attacks, is through Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The 1/6 packet of Dr. Blosser's now contains 20% more Cigarettes. If you have never used Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, never experienced the wonderful relief they bring, get a small packet from your chemist to-day, or send the form below for a free sample of 4 cigarettes.

It's astonishing how quickly these pleasant, harmless cigarettes bring relief and permanent cure for catarrh of the Nasal and Bronchial tracts, persistent Head and Bronchial Colds and attacks of Asthma and Hay Fever. Just send a card or fill in this coupon for the free cigarettes.

FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 M.C.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post, your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes that I may try them free of charge.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

HOW TO END YOUR PILES ONCE AND FOR ALL

This Simple New Alpine Recipe Never Fails

***Intimate Secret*—FREE**

Many sufferers seldom get rid of their terrible affliction because the remedies they use do not always reach the real cause of the trouble. Yet there is one simple, safe and easy recipe which is sure to give quick, blessed, lasting relief from this merciless torture. Ask your chemist to-day for a box of TOSANINE. This contains that remarkable curative substance discovered in the balsamic deposits of the Tyrolean Alps. Bladder, prostate and rectal complaints, as well as nervous weakness are completely done away with. Daily habits become normally regular. Insist upon getting TOSANINE Brand Rectal Bougies, and do not accept anything else. ***Positively guaranteed to do what you want,*** and make you feel 10 years younger or money refunded. If more convenient, send 2/6 now for full-size convincing proof box. Intimate Secrets of How and Why TOSANINE always succeeds—FREE. Address: TOSANINE Health Laboratories (Dept. 22A), 20/26, Brunswick Place, City Road, London, N.1.

SEE YOUR HAIR GROWING

100,000 Gift Supplies of KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

TO-DAY 100,000 Men and Women are invited to see their hair growing with "New Life," Healthy Thickness, Strength and Richness of Natural Colouring.

The method is one that **has been proved by thousands** of men and women—even up to 80 years of age.

Never before have you used anything like Kotalko. It frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all poisonous and malodorous pore cloggings; softens the hardening scalp, and restores its healthful circulation. **Kotalko** Nourishes and Feeds the hair organism, reviving **new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.**

Whether your hair is thin, or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo—they are wonderful.

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES PROVE IT.

This entire page could be filled with testimonials from men and women—all ages—who have had **new hair growth** or other hair benefits since using **KOTALKO and KOTALKO Soap. They are different from anything else.** All I ask is that you **give the Kotalko Products a trial** and **watch your scalp** in the mirror over a brief period. Then **you will need no further proof.**

"WAS QUITE BALD." Mr. A. Dale writes:—"I was without a particle of hair. A doctor's treatment did not make the slightest difference. I then tried many sorts of hair restorers, but still without results. "I then sent for Kotalko, and then to my surprise I found that my hair was showing signs of vitality, and now I have a splendid growth of hair, as my photograph will show you." A. Dale.

"I WAS COMPLETELY BALD."

Read this lady's story—and the letters and photos of many other users of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, enclosed in Test Package.

Stop Worrying About Your Hair Even if Bald, or if Baldness is Spreading

Send or Copy this Coupon

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street (53. DK), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Misery of

Backache

Banished by Kruschen Salts

If your life is being made miserable by backache; if nothing seems to bring you relief from those nagging pains, you would be wise to find out what is causing all the trouble, and then take steps to remove the cause. The point is this: Your blood-stream is sending you out a DISTRESS SIGNAL . . . It is being infected by poisons which have accumulated in your body. And until those poisons are removed the pains will persist, and, perhaps, increase in severity. Something, you see, has got to be done. What? Let a former victim tell you what she did:—

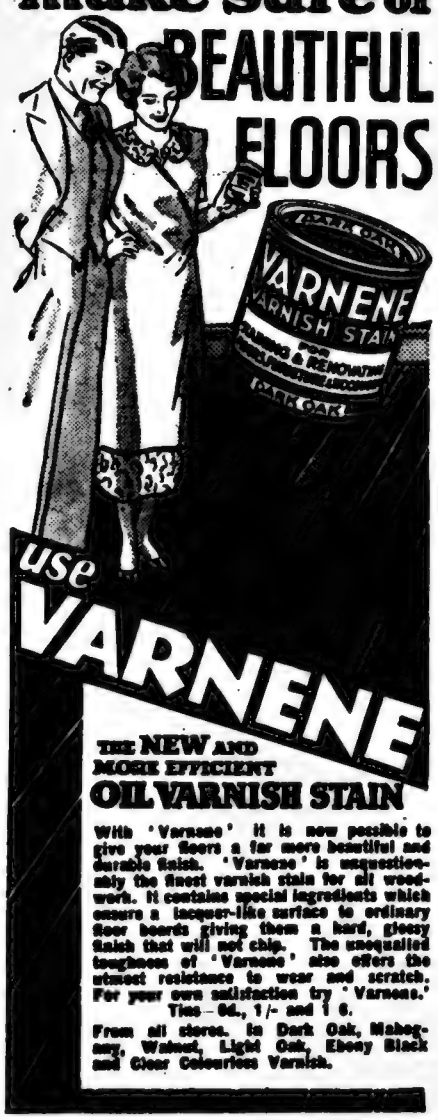
'For years I have been suffering with pains in the back. At times I had to stay in bed for days. I could not walk or even stand. My father was using Kruschen Salts for the same thing. He, too, used to suffer badly, and Kruschen completely relieved him. He advised me to try it. I did so, and did not get a pain for three years. I then neglected my daily dose for about six months, and two months ago the pain returned. I tried another remedy—it failed, so I again started Kruschen. Now I have not a trace of pain.' Mrs. H. R., Ireland.

The six salts in Kruschen will coax your kidneys back to healthy, normal action so that they will rid your blood-stream of every particle of poisonous waste matter. As an immediate result you will experience joyous relief from those old dragging pains.

Tasteless in Tea.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months. A farthing a day for health and happiness.

make sure of BEAUTIFUL FLOORS



use VARNENE

THE NEW AND MORE EFFICIENT **OIL VARNISH STAIN**

With 'Varnene' it is now possible to give your floors a far more beautiful and durable finish. 'Varnene' is unquestionably the finest varnish stain for all woodwork. It contains special ingredients which ensure a lacquer-like surface to ordinary floor boards giving them a hard, glossy finish that will not chip. The unequalled toughness of 'Varnene' also offers the utmost resistance to wear and scratch. For your own satisfaction try 'Varnene.'

Tins—6d., 1/- and 1/6.

From all stores. In Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear Colourless Varnish.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. Makers of Manolas Polish. V.V.39

HEAVEN Helped Me

Our Letter Parliament

A NOVICE on horseback, my riding experience limited to hack ponies, I lightly accepted when a friend offered me his mare for an afternoon's ride in the Indian hills.

I set off with bravado, but quickly found myself in difficulties, for the high-spirited animal sensed that an amateur was in the saddle.

Then, without warning, a train of stampeding pack-mules appeared round a bend in the narrow road. I was paralysed; but fortunately the mare had the sense to wheel instantly and gallop back to her stable with me clinging helplessly to her neck.

Surely my mount was heaven-sent? A hack pony would have shown no such sagacity and I should have been hurled to destruction over the precipice.—*A. H., Richmond.*

Coincidence?

A few years ago a large, heavily framed portrait of my father used to hang at the head of my bed.

One night I had just retired, when the telephone rang downstairs. Grumbling, I arose to answer it. But I could get no response; the instrument was "dead."

Grumbling still more, I went back to bed, and as I re-entered the bedroom the picture fell with a crash. Glass was shattered all over the bed, and a corner of the frame drove right through the pillow at the exact spot where my head had been a few minutes before.

Lucky coincidence? Maybe, but I prefer to think that Heaven helped me, and saved me from serious injury, and perhaps death.—*J. D., Brondesbury Park.*

First "Lecture"

While enjoying a country holiday, I found my son playing with an old gun. I yielded to his entreaties to "play soldiers," and pointed the gun at him in mock ferocity.

In the act of pulling the trigger, I was surprised to see a rabbit dart swiftly into view.

Instinctively I switched the gun towards the heaven-sent animal. A few moments later, with pale face, I stood over its dead form and gave my boy his first "lecture."—"*City-Dweller,*" *Handsworth.*

Unsuspected

A workmate had met with a fatal accident, and it fell to my lot to break the news to his blind mother. I reached his home, to learn that she had had a stroke, and had been asking for him. For a moment I looked down at the worn, piteous face with a horrible feeling of helplessness; then suddenly I realised what to do. Grasping her hand, I whispered: "Mother!"

Too weak to speak, she smiled, not suspecting the deception, and, though she passed away soon after, I felt that my inspiration was heaven-sent.—*G. T., Brighton.*

Unhurt

I was driving a coach-load of kiddies to the country for their Sunday-school outing, when, just after we started to descend a steep hill, we ran into a large patch of thick oil. An oil-tanker had overturned and oil was running over the road.

I braked, but the coach got into an uncontrollable skid, and we slithered and slid with increasing speed down the hill.

Then it was that Heaven helped me, for we failed to take a bend half-way down, and the coach went broadside through a hedge and came to a standstill in a field, with my small passengers very much frightened, but unhurt.—"*Driver,*" *Suffolk.*

Wind Sprang Up

I was repairing overhead cables over the River Clyde, seated in a bo'sun's chair, when one of the clutches gave way.

The chair, dangling in mid-air, threatened every minute to plunge me to my death. I could not help myself in any way unless someone came to my assistance.

The day was calm, and for an hour I dangled helplessly, until suddenly the wind sprang up. Soon a gust caught the chair and blew it so that I was able to grasp the cable and draw myself to safety. Then it was that Heaven helped me.—*J. M. K., Glasgow.*

The Strongest Marriage Bond

After a few years of married life my husband and I began to drift apart. Each quarrel was more bitter than the previous one, until our childless home was a camp of armed neutrality.

Then it was that Heaven helped me in a wonderful way. I was able to tell my husband that the thing we had both hoped for so long would happen; I was going to have a baby.

From that moment my husband became again the dear, considerate man who led me to the altar.—B. H., Bedford.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Rehearsals

NOW that the Grand National weights are out we can expect the Aintree horses to get seriously to business. Rehearsals for the big 'chase will be staged at nearly every meeting.

Golden Miller will draw a huge crowd to Lingfield this week-end and may be unbackable in the Cloister 'Chase. I suggest Spurtle as an each-way Tote selection. For the Troytown 'Chase here Dusky Troubadour is likely to beat the Liverpool horses.

The Stewards' 'Chase at Gatwick is a four-miles affair and will bring together another good field of National horses. Brown Brother may come up at a nice price.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 6, to Wednesday, February 12.

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 H
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertise in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. RKYAS2 would read WAUKOO.

Write to John Bull About It—

Under this familiar title we begin next week a feature to which every reader is invited to contribute.

It will constitute Our Readers' Parliament, because it will enable them to have their say on any matter whatever, instead of their being asked to discuss a set subject as hitherto.

They can write about some personal problem or grievance, public injustice or scandal, or topic of the day that excites their interest—in fact, anything they like.

Letters should be as brief and pointed as possible, and the envelope marked "Readers' Parliament." For the one the Editor adjudges the best one guinea will be paid, and half-a-guinea for each other published.

Clutched Guttering

I had climbed out of my bedroom window on to the roof of the house to fix a wireless aerial to the chimney-stack. While doing the job I slipped and was sliding and rolling down the sloping roof to a twenty-foot drop into the yard below. Just in time I managed to clutch the guttering.

I hung there, screaming for help, and drew the attention of firemen passing the house on their return from a fire.

They quickly reared a ladder and rescued me as my strength was exhausted. The fact that they were passing the house at that moment was, I am sure, an act of Providence.—*J. T., Blackpool.*

Rescued

In 1922 I was a schoolmistress in the Garrison School, Bombay. One morning I was taking my usual morning dip in the sea. The monsoon was blowing, and the water was rough. Suddenly I realised I was being carried by a swift current into the open sea.

When over two miles from the shore I was exhausted, and, recalling my childhood prayers, I prayed to Heaven for mercy.

My prayers were answered, for just as I was giving up the struggle for life, a baulk of timber floated towards me, and I had just sufficient strength to support myself upon it until I was rescued.—"*Colaba Point,*" *Plumstead.*

Panic-stricken

I was ready to start my first solo flight, and, although when up with the instructor I handled the machine to his satisfaction, I knew I should be unable to do so when I went "up" by myself.

Nearly dead with fright, I managed to get the machine into the air, and confidence gradually came to me. But coming down was another matter. Foolishly I delayed the descent, and so worked myself into a panic, and when I finally began to come down I lost all control of my actions.

I *did* make a safe landing, but to this day I don't know how. Heaven must have helped me.—*W. B., Truro.*

It Snowed

During a serious illness I was told that more sleep was absolutely vital to my recovery. For hours I tossed in bed, striving to get that strengthening slumber, yet the noise of the traffic outside nullified all my efforts.

At times I thought I would go mad: even the doctor seemed inclined to risk having me moved to hospital, despite my weak state.

Then, from Heaven above, small white flakes slowly passed my window. The earth became covered with a thick carpet of snow, and gradually the noises outside became less and less noticeable. I slowly sank into the arms of Morpheus.—*A. D., Wilts.*

Just in Time

Coming home from school, my path lay through a large field, but, with the darkness and drifting snow, I completely lost my way. I was just about to give up the struggle when, indeed, Heaven helped me.

The drifting ceased; the moon came out, round, white and clear, like silver. What joy! I was near the wooden fencing that surrounded an old well.

With all my might I blew the whistle that hung there, and when the searchers found me I could hardly be persuaded to let go the old familiar bars of the fence.—"*Highland Hills,*" *Edinburgh.*

THIS TIREDNESS THAT MAKES MOTHERS LOSE THEIR CHILDREN'S LOVE

IS NEURO-PENIA (underfed nerves)

CAN'T FACE STAIRS. Here's a woman who should be in the prime of life. But last year she had an illness, and since then she's been feeling terribly aged and tired. Has to pull herself upstairs by the banisters. Last year's illness has weakened her nerves—that's why she has no vitality left. She's just at the age when women suffer most from 'Neuropenia.'

EXHAUSTED NERVES SHATTERED BY TRAIN-JOURNEY. This woman is tired; underfed nerve-cells make her scared and jumpy. Afraid of travelling in a bus or train. Even when she's sitting at home, she's always fidgety and worrying—can't sit still. 'Neuropenia' takes thousands of women this way.

TOO 'SLOW' FOR HER CHILDREN. For seventeen years this woman has worked hard, looking after her family. Now she's too tired to keep up with her children. They go out and leave her alone. She feels like a back number. She's one of those thousands of women who've weakened their nerves by overwork — 'Neuropenia' has crushed the life out of her.

LIFE HAS BEGUN ANEW FOR THIS WOMAN.

This woman used to suffer just like millions of others—tired, depressed, jumpy. She didn't know that she had 'Neuropenia' (underfed nerves). But luckily she went to see a doctor. He put her on to a course of Hall's Wine. Her tiredness just slipped away. Now she's strong again, her worry and depression have disappeared too. Her family thinks she's wonderful, and so she is. The best years of her life are just beginning.

NEUROPENIA EXPLAINED

3 KINDS OF TIREDNESS

Women get three kinds of tiredness — (1) the aching, heavy kind, (2) the 'jumpy' nervy kind, and (3) the low, depressed kind. Each of these kinds of tiredness has the same cause: the tiny granules of Nissl that feed your nerves are pale and shrivelled, through illness or overwork. This condition is known as 'Neuropenia' (underfed nerves).

Hall's Wine is specially prepared for 'Neuropenia,' from the formula of a well-known doctor. It starts to pour new strength into your weakened nerve-cells within 30 seconds after taking. Within a few days tiredness and depression have disappeared.

★ ALL symptoms noticed above are typical of 'Neuropenia' as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

HALL'S WINE

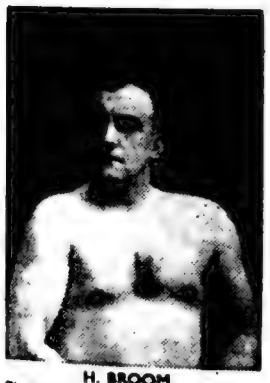
GIVES QUICK, NEW STRENGTH

From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

WARNING!

Hall's Wine is the only tonic wine specially prepared from a doctor's formula to end 'Neuropenia.' Avoid cheap imitations, made from inferior ingredients. They can't have the right, nerve-building tonic formula; so they won't have the same effect.

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE



H. BROOM
The World's Premier Physical Expert.

The Most Successful Course of All Time

ERIC BROOM at 15

Never in Physical Culture History have Results been Known to Equal These

FATHERS! You want that lad of yours to be a better man than his Father? I do, and if the "International Course" had done nothing else it would have repaid me in the Physique of my son . . . born under air raid conditions, to-day he is stronger at 17 than most men. Give your lad a chance to help himself, equip him with Health, Vigour, Determination and above all, Mental Control, apart from giving him qualities which will enable him to hold his own in LIFE'S Battles, you are teaching him to develop those factors so necessary in his business life . . .

HERE ARE A FEW TESTIMONIALS TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM THOUSANDS :—

J. H. PEACH : Have increased all round with 6 lb. increase in weight.
G. Brown, Rotherham : I have gained 8 in. extra.
R. Carrington : I wish to say that your course is doing me more good than all others I have tried. My weight has jumped up by 6 lb. and I am better than I have ever experienced.
J. Shackle, Keighley : It is really marvellous. My weight has increased 10 lb. and my measurements are increasing all round.
J. Parnaby, Margate : Increases 8 lb. in weight and 12 in. in muscular development.
J. T. Carrick : Increases 10 in. and 8 lb. in weight.
L. D. O. Lee Sheffill, Halifax : Increases 12 lb. in weight.
S. Oliver, Lincoln : Gains 1½ in. chest, 1 in. on each bicep and 100 per cent. improvement.
R. G. Steadman, Anfield : Gained 1 st. 6 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. bicep, 2 inf. thigh and 3 in. calves.
L. Ross, Nottingham : Gained 2 st., 3 in. each bicep, 5 in. chest, 1½ in. neck, 2 in. forearm.
R. Harvey, Birmingham : Increases in 21 days, 11 lb., biceps 1½ in., etc., etc.
W. H. Spencer, Chesterfield : Gained 4 lb. in weight, 2½ in. chest, 1 in. each bicep.
R. Holloff, North Kensington : I have not only gained huge measurements but robust health. Gained 7 lbs. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. neck, 2 in. each bicep, 1½ in. forearm.
L. D. Smith, Finistow : I have spent over £30 and tried most courses, but I have got ten times the results with you for 30/-.
C. W. Turner, Consett : In the past month I have put on another 1 in. on biceps and chest, 1½ in. on forearms. What the results will be like after six months of this course I can only guess.
F. A. Stratman, London : I am getting excellent results. Have developed 1 st. in weight.
L. C. C. Weir, Bedford : I have gained 15 lb. in weight. My club mates tell me that I have put on more in three months with you than they in three years with other courses.
R. Penn : Increases 1 st. and ½ lb. and other measurements.
F. A. James, Parkstone : Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest, neck, and forearm and wrist increases 7 in.
Gordon G. Long, Sittingbourne : Increases in three weeks, 11 lb. in weight, chest 3 in., biceps 1½ in. forearm 1½ in.

THE advertisements I have published recently have staggered the P.C. World. Time after time I have obtained results on the International Course which have never before been expected from a Course either in facts or figures.

Facts and figures, even in tabulated form, can be very boring, but in the undermentioned cases they are definitely startling; they must pull you up short and compel you to glance at them again with interest. The following, for example, tells a dramatic and sensational story . . . .

FACTS AND FIGURES

I first proved the International Course on myself and added 3 st. to my own bodyweight, which had stood still for 20 years and 30 in. in development in one year.

I again proved the Course on my son Eric, who, at 17, is stronger than most men and winner of 15 medals.

My pupil, N. Bourne, defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years . . . . and receives the Broom Silver Cup. I showed four cases where the International Course had saved life—not my words, but thankful fathers, doctors and Press reports, etc. . . . not luck, but results.

I gave figures in the shape of Accountants' certificates and a batch of 22,956 testimonials have been certified by the Editor of "H. & S." and Accountants. I have been compelled to set up a room specially for the filing of testimonials.

This course also has the praise of its competitors. Mr. Ed. Aston gave me a wonderful testimonial, which I have published.

85 per cent. of the pupils report satisfied after the first lesson alone, and the Course is the only one in the world WITH A REAL GUARANTEE (WRITTEN). Also my Advice is Free Service is the LAST WORD in making the failure of the Course impossible.

READ WHAT THESE JOURNALS SAY :

The Editor of "Health and Strength" says : "Such proof of the Physical Culture Course has never before been seen at these offices and we take the opportunity of publicly stating the fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one reports a gain of 40 in., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."

Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says : "That is surely the greatest work of to-day—the regeneration of youth—results he has secured for physical culture in general and his International Course in particular."

Editor of "Superman" says : "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."

Editor of "Boxing" says : "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has 5,607 testimonials, every one of which is backed by a Chartered Accountant's Certificate. There can be no better guarantee of the genuineness of the Course than this."

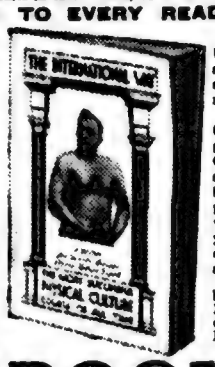
In spite of all the above I have not yet started to give Readers proof.

See this Marvellous Result of Training on the **INTERNATIONAL COURSE.**

FREE TO EVERY READER!

I have published an instructional book entitled, "The International Way." This book is remarkable because it covers so much ground. It shows how 20,000 pupils have been able to increase beyond their wildest dreams; how Norman Bourne defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years. It tells how over 700 doctors and 27 police forces have used physical culture to their own benefit; how physical culture has saved eight lives.

It gives for the first time the remarkable career of the author from obscurity to World-Wide Fame, and as you go through the pages you will be thrilled with the results of physical culture in a modern sense.



What others have got does not benefit you, but you are clearly shown how you can get exactly the same results and the same benefits; nothing is hidden.

Also, the full 32 pages from cover to cover are packed with photographic studies such as the Physical Culture World has never before seen; new poses of novices turned into stars; new and unpublished photographs of myself, Eric Broom's wonderful physique, and so on until you get to the last page you are full of new inspirations, new ambitions, and above all, they are realisable.

The Book is free, but cost me a lot of money, and when this first Edition is exhausted you may be disappointed. So write for your FREE copy TO-DAY.

H. BROOM, BROOM HALL, HOLDERNESS RD., HULL

The World's Premier P.C. Expert by Results.

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE

consists of six monthly lessons. Now apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Book Exerciser . . . . All Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit. . . . .

The Course really does give bulk in development . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 20 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test . . . It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting . . . This course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee. . . . The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE.

Special Offer, 30/- or 1/- Weekly

85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

Write for "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." It's the Turning Point in Your Career.

To H. BROOM, BM, Holderness Road, Hull.
Please send me a copy of your book "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY" and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE, without obligation.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write in Block Letters. *Bradleys* J.B.

THE BIG TWO

NO AGENTS — WRITE DIRECT

SECURE LONG ODDS NOW

Send for Price List for the

LINCOLN

AND

NATIONAL

The Great Spring Double.

One Shilling up to any amount can be invested by letter in accordance with rules.

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

SEND AT ONCE FOR

ENGLISH CUP

LONG ODDS PRICE LIST

EVERY TEAM QUOTED

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

Six Leagues — Nothing Barred

ALL POSTAGE PAID

Please send your Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....
J.B 8/2/36

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

GET TROUBLES OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM!

Nine-tenths of human ills come from impure blood. The cause is constipation. Food-waste ferments, and by-products pass into the blood, impairing every bodily organ.

Beechams brand Pills have a gentle yet positive action. Easy to take and non-griping, they keep you regular and help the system to regain regularity of habit.

KEEP A BOX HANDY FOR LIVERISHNESS, ANÆMIA, CONSTIPATION, DEPRESSION, PREMATURE OLD AGE, etc.

Beechams Brand PILLS

"Worth A Guinea A Box"

THE Editor Laughs Last

PATER (Rugby).—"You believe in palmistry?" Yes, for naughty children.

MRS. G. (Cromer).—"If you want to fry quickly, what must you put in the fat?" The bacon.

JOYCE (Truro).—"I shall never forget the first lesson I gave to my new class." Don't worry—the children will.

C. L. (Alnwick).—"A recent performance on the wireless amused everybody who heard it." A surprise item!

T. G. Y. (Kirkcaldy).—"The garden at the back of my little house is only three feet long." That's not a garden—it's a yard!

W. P. (Hunstanton).—"I've been black and blue after every game of soccer I've played this season." You've got your colours. then.

W. F. (Ruislip).—"The people in the flat above me are always having rows." Apparently you don't like having a fuss made over you.

T. A S. (Bolton).—"My landlord told me I can have electric light put in at my own expense, so I had it done right away." You wired in, then.

INTERESTED (Northampton).—"What does the average boot manufacturer make per month?" Boots.

CLERIC (Edinburgh).—"Singers are seldom guilty of anything low-down." What about basses?

TAILOR (Bond Street).—"There is one thing you never see with a man who wears a beard." We know—his chin.

G. J. (Stoke).—"Do you know where Stoke will be at the end of the soccer season?" In Staffordshire.

INVENTOR (Uxbridge).—"If I brought out the perfect mouse-trap, who wouldn't want one?" The cats' home.

MRS. S. (Macclesfield).—"Few fathers know how to play with their young children." Nurserymen excepted.

PUGILIST (Blackfriars).—"If you are suddenly attacked in a dark street, the best plan is first to locate your assailant's jaw." And then dislocate it!

A. M. (Hexham).—"My wife and I did not have an argument for five years, but what do you think happened at the end of that period?" She returned home.

HYGIENE (Southampton).—"If I had my way, I would see that gutter drains were barred in our big towns." But aren't they barred already?

G. F. L. (London, S.W.1).—"The average common-keeper is a man of high intelligence and sterling character." And not just a common keeper as one might think.

PHILANTHROPIST (Cardiff). — "Giving always makes a man walk with head erect and a feeling of inward pleasure." Unless it happens to be his sock suspender that gives.

JOBBING (Nantwich).—"One gardening authority advocates that the roller should be frequently used on lawns during the winter." But we bet his advice is seldom taken.

HOUSEHOLDER (Putney).—"He offered to stain my front entrance a rich walnut, but I'm sorry I let him, as he made a frightful mess of it." Never let him darken your door again.

STUDENT (Iver). — "Many prehistoric men were very bow-legged." This characteristic would be very useful these days with so many small sports cars whizzing about.

AIRCRAFTSMAN (Slough).—"The only thing I don't like about my job is practising with parachutes—they get me down." But that is what they're for, isn't it?

MRS. S. (Campbeltown).—"My thirteen-year-old son goes out and looks after the garden like a man." Ah! So you caught him having a quiet smoke in the tool-shed!

HOSPITABLE (Liphook).—"I hate having to prepare for visitors, but like them to just drop in and take anything that happens to be on the table." But not everything!

MRS. Y. (Bromley).—"Every winter my husband works all day and every night and it is really a job to find any time to talk to him at all." Winter has its compensations for some of us after all.

RADIO (Marlow).—"Is it true that I could get better reception of foreign stations by removing the earth from my set?" Perhaps an occasional dusting may improve it.

H. N. (London, S.E.).—"I read recently that a school in the North has only four pupils." One serious drawback from the children's point of view is that it is impossible to play truant without being missed at once.

Airman (Calshot): "Can you think of any worse fate than to crash on an uninhabited island?" Yes!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

F. J. (Dover).—"How many seasons do we get nowadays?" One, winter.

LAUNDRYMAN (Watford).—"My work does not satisfy me." It's a wash-out?

CYNTHIA (Southsea).—"My new costume is banana shade." Just the thing to slip on in a hurry.

ELECTRICIAN (Mersea).—"My chief says that I am just the boy for my job." Because you are a live wire?

WINE MERCHANT (London, S.W.).—"I live up to my position when I entertain." And give your guests a cordial welcome?

MOTORIST (Dorchester).—"The road was so glassy that I felt helpless to even try to keep control." So you let things slide.

AMUSED (Boscombe).—"The funniest scene was where the father couldn't stop the three infants from crying." It was a scream?

ARTISTIC (Outwell).—"Every time I look at the picture the painfully vivid sky depresses me." Makes you feel blue, too?

G. T. V. (Manchester).—"What do you think I've had to do since my wife has become very keen on bridge?" Without.

F. T. (Throgmorton Street).—"By four o'clock in a City office only the lesser lights are still at their desks." The big guns, of course, have gone off.

DOUBTER (Leeds).—"He said that he had invented an elastic cloth, but I have my doubts about it." You think he is rather stretching it.

GOALKEEPER (York).—"When we play cards our outside-right never seems to have a call." Always passing for another fellow to have a go?

N. C. (Clacton).—"Every business is so overcrowded to-day that none can possibly do with more hands." What about a poorly patronised manicurist's shop?

TOM (West London).—"The surest weather prophet I know is the ticket inspector at my local station." He naturally studies the seasons.

E. I. (Chingford). — "Book-keepers should possess excellent memories." Yet the people who borrow ours seem strangely forgetful.

S. B. (Taunton).—"Did you follow the whole of my article?" No—otherwise we should have been in the wastepaper basket.

D. R. W. (Wisbech).—"Why don't we get as much fun out of riddles as we used to?" Everybody knows the answer.

K. N. (Huntingdon).—"No task is too hard for my car. It will undertake anything." Will it overtake anything?

JACK B. (Oldham).—"No foreigner could hold a candle to British petrol." He'd be foolish if he did.

CENTRE (Birmingham).—"I am top scorer for the five football leagues for the second season in succession." You head them?

PATER (Mayfair).—"My undergraduate son confesses that he does not know what boa constrictors are." Great snakes!

SPORTSMAN (Preston). — "There is one game that really gets my back up." Leap-frog?

J. L. (Westgate). — "A man's stomach reveals many secrets to the surgeon." Inside information.

W. W. (Gosport).—"My wife hates me to talk when she's washing up." She tells you to dry up, we presume.

R. H. R. (Callestick).—"As a retired librarian, I find life in the country very monotonous." You miss the changes.

SECOND (Putney). — "You can guess what I thought of my friend's succession of knock-outs." Perfectly stunning.

MILKMAN (Bromley).—"I try not to show my dislike of the dog, for the lady is a good customer." You bottle it?

B. K. (Colne).—"I am worried because I often have a singing noise in my ears." But where else could you have it?

AMATEUR GARDENER (Suburbia).—"The way my garden is continually being overrun with weeds is an increasing mystery to me." The plot thickens.

P. T. G. (Arundel).—"By making a small incision in my wrist a surgeon has completely cured my malady." He evidently knew a short cut to good health.

SUPERSTITIOUS (Watchet).—"Before I was married I always turned my money over to the new moon." Now, of course, you turn it over to the wife.

N. C. (Wales).—"Many Rugby teams now have melon instead of lemon at half-time." Oh, so that is what those ear-caps are for?

J. M. T. (Streatham).—"When I asked her what part of the family tree she thought I represented, what do you think she replied?" The sap?

E. H. C. (Exeter).—"Life is all ups and down nowadays." Exactly. If you want to rise to the heights of a £750 fortune and sink in the depths of a luxurious prize arm-chair, run your eye up and down those *Examples* for *Bullets* on page 43.

S. L. (Sutton).—"A rate collector is retiring after thirty years' service." It must be a thrill for local residents to meet him in the street and nod casually instead of fading away round corners like frightened fawns.

B. K. (Luton).—"Although I commenced boring for water in my garden on the first of January, I have not come across a spring yet." Still, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you started the New Year well.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Wilkinson was a very popular PAYER and his friends were glad to hear that he will soon be in harness."

IRISH INDEPENDENT:—"Romansch is spoken by ANCESTORS of Roman colonists."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"He said the two-SHIRT system depressed wages."

BRECON AND RADNOR EXPRESS:—"She afterwards made a tour of the stalls and effected numerous PARISHES."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"There are also fur hoods for motoring, with WOODEN capes with hoods for visits to aerodromes, football matches and racing tracks."

EVENING NEWS:—"It would be UNSEASONABLE to expect the police to pay heavy damages."

NELSON LEADER:—"Try as I might, my legs refused to rotate the pedals, and aching LAMBS and arms were crying aloud for a rest."

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

gives to all

Asthma & Bronchitis sufferers

INSTANT RELIEF

CONVINCING TESTIMONY

Mr. H. R. of Leeds writes :— "I wish to say I was a Chronic Case of Bronchial Asthma. I am now, thanks to your Asthma Cure, a changed man, no more terrible attacks at night, no more nerve racking coughs. It was first recommended to my wife by a local chemist after I had been paying 5 - a bottle for another so-called remedy and 3 bottles a week; now, one tin of Potter's is all I need keep by me. Whilst a patient in one of our Military Hospitals I was allowed to use Potter's Asthma Cure freely. You may make whatever use of this testimonial you like."

Thousands of sufferers have proved that Potter's Asthma Cure conquers the terrible symptoms of Asthma and Bronchitis—*paroxysms of coughing at night, gasping for breath, tightness across the chest, sleepless nights and wearisome days.* If you suffer in this way the one remedy for you is Potter's. Free from harmful drugs, does not cause headache. It is the safest and most reliable remedy you can obtain.

Think what these magical words mean to you. By simply inhaling the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure those paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation and frantic struggles for breath all disappear immediately. Once again you can enjoy life, go about your usual occupation and be sure of a restful and refreshing night's sleep, which is so essential to maintaining your strength. Don't forget **instant relief** is yours—go straight to your chemist and be sure you get **Potter's Asthma Cure.**

To be prepared against future attacks always keep a tin of Potter's in the home—you never know when you may need it. Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, Wheeziness and other lung and chest troubles are all instantly relieved by Potter's Asthma Cure.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO ALL OUTDOOR WORKERS

Although you may be subject to Asthma or Bronchitis and obliged by the nature of your work to be outdoors in all kinds of weather, you can still obtain immediate relief by smoking Potter's Asthma Cigarettes, or if a pipe smoker, then try the Smoking Mixture. Be sure that you always have a supply with you. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell them.

THIN WEAK NERVOUS RUN-DOWN !

You'll be amazed how quickly this easy way builds up rugged new strength, untiring energy, calm steady nerves and rich red blood. In 10 days you must put on extra pounds of solid stay-there flesh (*without use of drugs*) **or the TRIAL IS FREE.**

'VIKELP' Tablets, amazing mineral concentrate from the sea, considered the world's richest source of essential life-giving organic minerals and assimilable food Iodine, correct systemic ailments and will give you the strong, muscular, virile body that makes 'He-Men' so admired

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even "NATURALLY SKINNY," weak, worn-out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry—who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. Science says the principle cause of these run-down conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR ORGANIC MINERALS AND FOOD IODINE." When these glands do not work properly all the food in the world can't help you—it just isn't turned into flesh—and you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and run-down.

The most important gland — the Thyroid—which actually controls body weight and strength—needs a definite, evenly balanced ration of 12 *organic minerals plus natural assimilable* IODINE—(not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic, nor mere iodine fumes). To get an adequate supply of these essential life-giving minerals and food iodine, take "VIKELP" Tablets—made of an amazing Pacific Ocean Sea Plant—now recognised as the world's richest source of these precious substances. After eating them for a few days the food you eat no longer clogs the system but turns to solid flesh; faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism and systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely. Try them for only 10 days, and if after taking them you do not feel wonderful, sleep, eat and work better and have not gained extra pounds (8-9 lbs. not uncommon) *the trial is free!* If your dealer cannot supply you send 1/9d. for 40 tablets, or for the more economical sizes 3/6d. for 100, 6/9d. for 225, or 17/6d. for 675 tablets, to Dept. J.B./2/1 Health Products Laboratories Ltd., 10, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Sq., London, W.1.

HOW VIKELP TABLETS IMPROVE WEIGHT AND HEALTH

The rich supply of	Corrects
Iodine ..	Goitre, skinniness, low vitality, bad skin, faulty metabolism, nerves.
Iron ..	Anæmia, headaches, weakness.
Copper ..	Anæmia, loss of vigour.
Calcium ..	Stomach trouble, rickets, eczema.
Phosphorus	Mental exhaustion.
Sodium ..	Stomach, kidney, bladder troubles, rheumatism.
Potassium	Constipation, acidosis, bad heart.
Magnesium	Underweight, skin diseases.
Sulphur ..	Constipation, blood, liver disorders, nerves.
Manganese	Anæmia, gout, debility.

VIKELP Brand *Body Building Tablets* NEW **1/9** SIZE

If it's **LEG TROUBLE**
You Must Have **'ELASTO.'**
Accept the generous Free Sample offer by filling in the Coupon on the Back Cover.

INFLUENZA ! TAKE

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS AND FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

Sold in Bottles at 1/3

SEND FOR THIS FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" Post Free on Application to :— ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W. *When writing please mention this paper.*

PILES can be Ended

Sufferers from the maddening irritation, the exhausting, agonising pain caused by piles! Do not wait until piles (haemorrhoids) reach such a terrible state that a serious operation may be necessary. Ask your chemist all about this special remedy. He knows the ingredients from which this inexpensive and scientific remedy is made. He can show you, too, the special applicator fixed to each tube of Man Zan, which makes the use of this soothing, healing unguent so clean and simple.

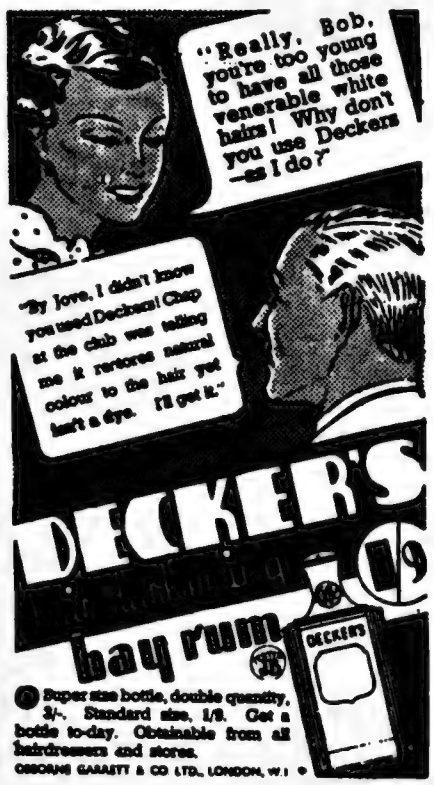
Man Zan is no ordinary ointment. It is prepared for one purpose only—to end the irritation, allay the inflammation and definitely banish piles. From the very first application you feel the irritation and inflammation ending, and if you will only persevere, never more will you be tortured with the agony of piles.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/- (including special nozzle applicator). Remember the name of this splendid remedy—

ManZan

BRAND

PILE REMEDY



Super size bottle, double quantity, 3/-. Standard size, 1/9. Get a bottle to-day. Obtainable from all hairdressers and stores.

OSBORNE GARRETT & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.1

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/8,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE **3d.**

ANOTHER GIANT PRIZE OFFER FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' 'DIAGON' CROSSWORD

30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500

This week only **£500** ENORMOUS ONE-WEEK PRIZE BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

"DIAGON" No. 1

The most meritorious Answers sent by Competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those shown in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point competitors who used the word COG or HOG were regarded as having submitted Answers of equal merit.

WINNERS ON PAGE 28.

THIS NEW COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS

"John Bull's" New "Diagon" Crossword—Terms and Conditions

PRESENTED on this page is the fourth of "John Bull's" new "Diagon" Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following :—

The Editor of "John Bull,"

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University, and

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A. Oxford, Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

"Diagon" Crosswords take their name from a new feature in these puzzles. You will find that a number of squares are divided by a diagonal stroke and contain two given letters. In order to complete your Puzzle, first fill in all non-divided squares with the most apt and accurate Answers available. Coming then to the divided squares, note that only words that employ one of the given letters in them are to be considered. At each of such points, to indicate your choice of words made on the basis directed, you have merely to strike out in ink the letter rejected and leave untouched that letter which completes the word you have chosen by reason of its aptness and accuracy.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in "John Bull" published Thursday, February 27th, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this "Diagon" Crossword Competition.

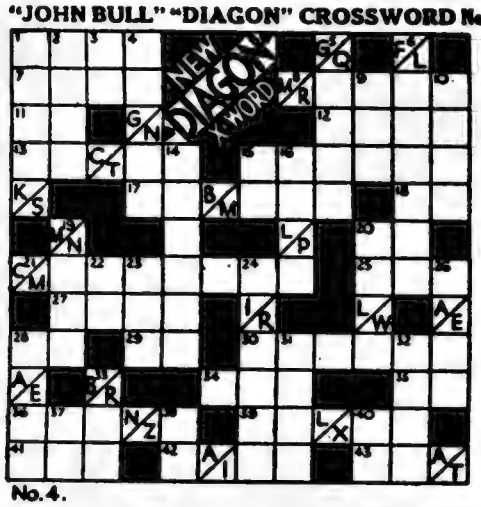
(Patent applied for.)

FREE HELP WEEKLY

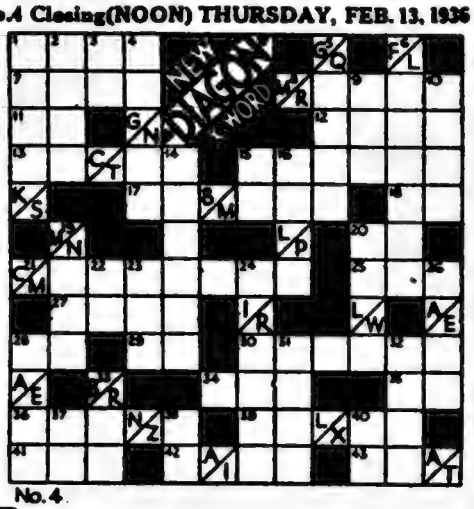
Why not receive the free weekly help with your Crossword entries which appears in the *Crossword Gazette* each Thursday?

Use coupon on "Bullets" page to register if you are not already receiving "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, once again accompanied by the *Crossword Gazette*.

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 4 Closing (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1936



No. 4.



No. 4

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

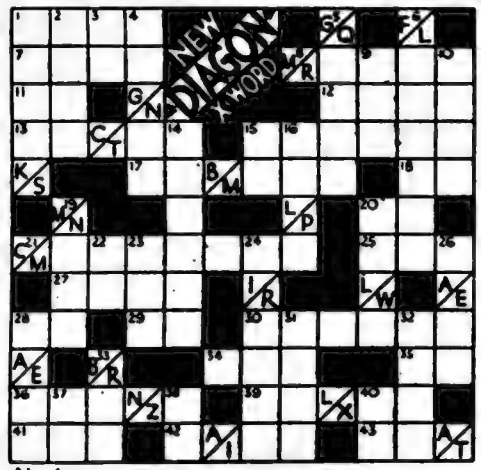
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 4 Closing (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1936



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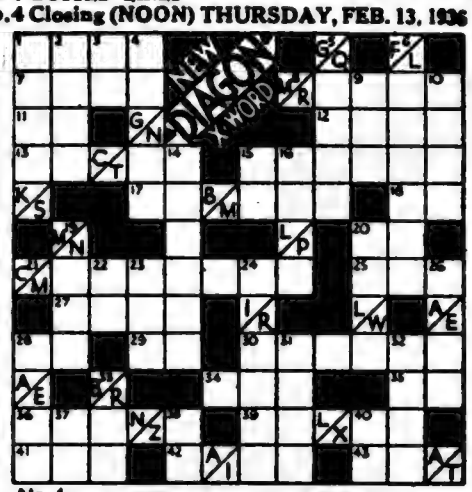


No. 4.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "DIAGON" CROSSWORD NO. 4, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

STUDY THESE CLUES.

ACROSS

1. Dish that comes before fish course
7. Is usually one of "not guilty"
8. Cavalry recruit is often floored by them
11. Remove both ends of wall
12. A jet
13. Are often the subject of appeals
15. Seam in cheap coat often does this
17. Extra punch may bring fighter to this
18. Often said by the deaf
20. Part of Bradford in Brighton
21. Good one may improve mannequin's position
25. Small serpent seen in aspidistras
27. Is used for pressing clothes
28. Both ends of barrel
29. Part of egg, for example
30. Spats keep these warm
34. Having this over eight is unwise
35. Part of rat that is not quite eaten
36. Man on platform may be responsible for starting one
39. Average man wonders where these come from
41. Tommy's is inspected by officer
42. Is dangerous to aviator flying blindly
43. Sounds from this are caused by waves

DOWN

1. May save life in a shipwreck
2. Cut off both ends of collar
3. In both duet and revue
4. You look through these daily to see what is happening
5. May cause restless night if this weighs heavily upon you
6. Henpeck is not allowed to forget these
9. Half letter in cloister
10. Often seen round waist of child's party frock
14. Taking legal action to recover debt
15. Same without vowels
16. Much craft may go to its making
19. Sometimes leads to hold-up on the road
20. Coming often from kid next door, it's annoying
22. Both ends of rudder in ferry
23. Herring's is soft or hard
24. Are needed to-day in depressed areas
26. Blackmailed man is haunted by
28. You feel safer with good friend at yours
31. Some prefer to drink whisky thus
32. Soldiers commonly stand at this
33. He often breaks into a run
37. Part of ring in trick
38. Nearly half empty
40. Part of holes in vest

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Read these Rules carefully

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, February 13.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from John Bull's free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement of this Competition. Thus, each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 Squares in all), and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

If neither letter in a diagonally divided square has been deleted in ink, whole Puzzle Square will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 27. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 3, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £500. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the number of words which, in answering the Clues given, agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

REMEMBER—

Your Entry must reach Long Acre by NOON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

COPY SQUARES ON PAGE 42

CHEST COLD REMOVED OVERNIGHT!

Simply rub on this clean, stainless ointment. You'll feel its glowing, healing warmth doing you good at once. Next morning the cold will be gone. It's this "deep healing" which is the secret. Better than a mustard plaster — it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist today. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it, you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Westcliff-on-Sea user says:—
"I am writing to tell you how much my family and I have benefited by your wonderful preparation, Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is truly remarkable how the most stubborn chest cold yields before it. I really believe that Musterole is infallible."

At all Chemists 2/6

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after FLU and COLDS.

Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

Indigestion?
Then fill in the Coupon in the Birley announcement (opposite) for Free Sample!

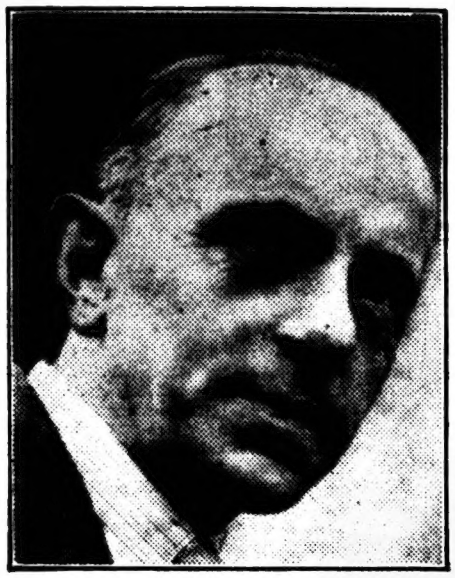
"Cream" away Superfluous Hair

Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. *Never* have you known anything so easy.

'New Veet' it's called. It looks and feels and smells like a beauty cream. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned nasty-smelling depilatories. New Veet is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full. 6d. and 1/3.

SPECIALIST'S CATARRH DISCOVERY



Mr. JOHN HOUBEN, who is making a World-wide distribution of the astonishing new Catarrh Remedy, now offers Free Relief by post to all sufferers who send the form below or call upon him personally at 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Now Available for Sufferers Everywhere

Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises, Coughing, Choking, Sneezing, Hay Fever, Constant Colds, etc., Banished for Ever

FREE INSTANT RELIEF AND GUARANTEED COMPLETE REMEDY FOR SLIGHT OR SERIOUS CASES

EIGHT years ago a London Doctor was so impressed with the unfortunate case of the chronic Catarrh sufferer that he devoted most of his time and energy to finding a remedy for this annoying, weakening, and often dangerous complaint.

He experimented with all the usual methods and remedies and introduced his own improvements, to the great relief of his patients.

It was not, however, until he had distilled an entirely new germicide—one that was perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, though absolutely deadly to the catarrh germ—that he knew he was on the right track.

Even that was not enough. Catarrh is such an obstinate disorder, spreading to every part of the system, that he had to perfect a complete four-fold method before the trouble was definitely conquered.

COMPLETE RIDDANCE FROM CATARRH

The results were astonishing. No matter where the germs lodged—in the passages of the head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines—the four-fold attack cleared them right out of the system. Not a single "centre of infection" remained from which they could spread back again to the nose and throat.

Now he has placed his discovery at the service of Catarrh victims all over the world. Being unable, for reasons of Medical Etiquette, to call public attention to his discovery, he has handed his formulæ, with the results of his long and intensive experience of catarrh, to Mr. John Houben, with instructions to use them to bring the greatest benefit to the greatest number of sufferers.

Mr. Houben knows that Catarrh sufferers have reason to be sceptical as to loudly proclaimed "cures" for their trouble, so he has decided upon a means of convincing every interested person that this four-fold discovery is something unique and really effective.

REMARKABLE FREE OFFER

He will send to every Reader of this newspaper who applies on the Form at foot:—

1. A FREE Sample of the Doctor's powerful new Distillate, which will give INSTANT RELIEF even in the worst cases. He will also send:
2. Full Particulars of his offer to treat everybody under a legally binding guarantee to *remedy their condition completely*. Either they are fully satisfied or it does not cost them one penny (apart from postage).

From past experience in thousands of cases of Catarrh, Mr. Houben knows that you will be not only satisfied, but astonished and delighted with the way your Catarrh will clear away.

THE JOY OF EASY BREATHING

You will soon experience the Joy of Easy Breathing. Those constant headaches, choking, coughing and sneezing attacks will end. You will cease catching colds. The troublesome mucus in the throat will disappear. Your digestion and your general health will improve beyond belief. Head noises will cease. Your senses of hearing, taste and smell will all benefit.

If you have Catarrh, either slight or severe, whether merely a "stuffy nose" or a sore spot at back of throat, or whether you have been a sufferer for many years, there is no reason whatever why you should not now take advantage of this offer and see for yourself, without financial risk, what this medical discovery will do for you. Send the form now. That is the first step to glorious new health and permanent freedom from an annoying complaint, which steadily gets worse if neglected, and which leads to dangerous and even deadly consequences.

FREE INSTANT RELIEF for Catarrh Sufferers

To Mr. JOHN HOUBEN (Director),
Messrs. HAMLYN & HOUBEN, LTD.
Manufacturing Chemists,
110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for My Catarrh and offer to banish the trouble.

NAME.....
(Please Print Clearly in block capitals.)

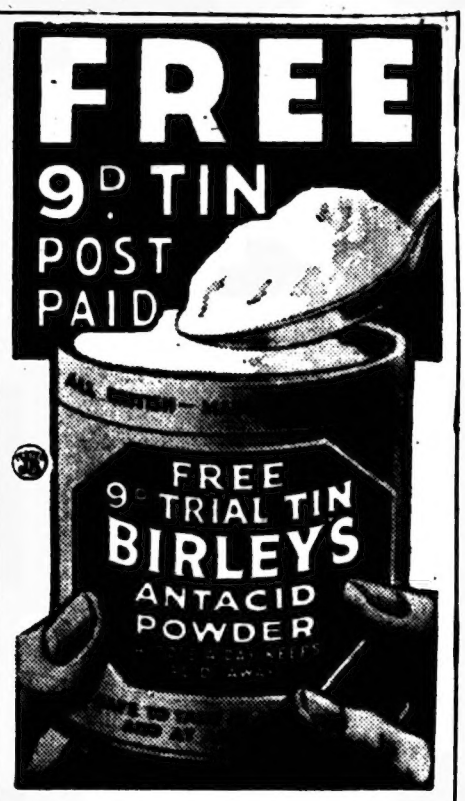
ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage etc. "John Bull," 8/2/36.

FREE



EXACT SIZE OF FREE 9d. TIN

X WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST TIN X

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is to send coupon in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (*for Free Trial only and not for Sale*). It contains more than enough to prove it is the WORLD'S BEST remedy for Indigestion and its kindred ailments. Tasteless & harmless.

THE PROVED REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN BILIOUSNESS. PALPITATION GASTRITIS

OF ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.

COUPON No. 72

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.
16, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

*Signature*_____
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
*Address*_____

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly*

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES

AGE LIMITS 18—26; EITHER SEX
COMMENCING PAY £51/- to £71 14s. PER WEEK
NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

FREE GUIDE

The 1936 Edition of our **Civil Service Handbook** is now ready for distribution. Those desiring details of Openings, Age Limits, Pay, Promotion and Entrance Examinations for all branches of the Service (**Taxes, Customs, Post Office, Clerical, Engineering, L.C.C., Municipal, etc.**) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately.

B.T.I. (Dept. 78), 356, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

BLOOD & SKIN DISEASES DEFINITELY REMOVED

Psoriasis, Eczema, Leg Ulcers, banished completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. Treatment entirely Herbal and individual. 40 years' success. Write for FREE BOOK and particulars of MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, EUREKA HOUSE, BRADFORD, YORKS.

KOMPO FOR COLDS

Sold by all Chemists & Stores. In Bottles, 1/3 and 3/-

Try this amazing "Bite test" with your Face Powder

Millions of women have been shocked and amazed when they made this extraordinary test. For they know that blackheads and enlarged pores and all sorts of ugly skin blemishes are often caused by gritty face powder. Many a powder that looks and feels smooth and fine actually contains sharp gritty particles. You cannot *see* them, but you can easily *feel them with your teeth*. Simply take a pinch of your powder and grind it between your front teeth. If there is any trace of grit in it, you feel it as instantly as sand in your food. Now make this test with Poudre Tokalon—the *air-floated* face powder. Made by a new process which makes powder ten times finer and lighter than ever before. Only the powder that floats on air is collected for use. So exquisitely fine and light it *cannot* contain gritty particles to clog and irritate the delicate skin pores. Beware of the harm a gritty powder can do. With Poudre Tokalon, the only air-floated powder, you are absolutely safe. And because it contains Mousse of Cream it clings to the skin all day long. No shiny nose; no need for constant repowdering. 6d. and 1/-

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull" — they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT. Price 1'6. Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

FREE for ASTHMA and CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH Capsules stop wheezing, choking, gasping; make breathing easy; end everlasting cough! cough! cough! enable you to work and sleep in comfort. Safe relief, *quickly*. In capsules, easy to swallow. Prove RAZ-MAH in your own case. Buy a 3/- or 5/- packet from your chemist; or, for free trial, write Templeton Co., Dept. CR, 80, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

PILES Relieved Instantly

. . . . *"I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before."*
J. O., Burley-in-Wharfedale.

Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

My patient has been taking URACE brand TABLETS as directed, and wishes me to say her Rheumatism has almost gone. She says they are like a tonic F. R——, District Nurse. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

HUBBY WASHED up—and won £1,000

It is not only in the gold-fields that work with pans and water can make a man wealthy.

I have just had a chat, writes a JOHN BULL representative, with Mr. J. L. Garland, 23, Old Dover Road, Blackheath. And this cheery young accountant is £1,000 richer to-day as a result of finding something valuable when busy at the sink. What he found was the idea which led to his First Prize *Bullet* in Competition No. 1,013.

"The wife was away at her old home, giving a hand owing to illness," he explained. "Consequently I was washing up my own tea things. I had half the *Bullet* before I cleared away—and before I finished it was completed!"

"I can't say I take any more interest in the foreign situation than the average man," he went on, recalling the making of his telling *Bullet*, THE WORLD AWAITS—BIG LEAD—BID, LEAGUE! "But when I saw this *Example*, it immediately occurred to me that I should work on it with the League in mind.

"Thinking it over, it struck me that the trouble is that no nation seems ready enough to make the first move towards peace—to give the world the lead it lacks. Having 'lead' and 'League' in my mind it did not take a lot of effort to complete the *Bullet*."

* * *

With £1,000 to provide for luxuries to-day and invest for the future, Mr. Garland is thankful indeed that he followed the plan which has brought success to so many entrants—studying winners, entering regularly, and accepting *Bullet Bulletin's* aid.

"My only trouble now," he said, as I was leaving, "is that the wife will always want me to wash up!"

MONSTER "QUEEN MARY" OFFER NEXT WEEK!

In next week's JOHN BULL the greatest competition offer yet seen in 1936 will be before you.

A Giant First of £2,000 and huge other prizes of £500 and £200 are each accompanied by £50 pocket-money and tickets for two on maiden voyage to New York of s.s. *Queen Mary*, accommodation and entertainment in New York, and return in same ship.

Look out for this mighty opportunity, which brings 13,070 other Double Prizes which also must be won.

OVER 50 CASH-PLUS-RADIO PRIZES AWARDED

First Prize, £600 and Radio Pension, Competition No. 1,014:
W. A. DICKIE, 6, Lent Place, Meanwood Road, Leeds.
Example: IN LIFE'S WORKSHOP
Bullet: MAKE "SHORT" TIME "FULL"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:
S. BIMPSON, 21, Ackers Hall Avenue, Liverpool.
Example: Count Your Blessings And
Bullet: One-Two-Three-*Snore!*

THIRD PRIZE, £25:
Mrs. E. HESFORD, 4, Dundonald Road, Manchester.
Example: The Onlooker
Bullet: Wishing *His* "Road Mending."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: L. GITTLEMAN, 8, Brunswick Place, Leeds.
Auntie And The Curate—Polly Put *Lid* On.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£18: G. SIMPSON, 29, West Thomson Street, Clydebank.
Sweet Music—From My "String," Snores!

£16: F. E. JONES, 75/76, Woodfield Street, Morriston, Glam
Doctor Nature—Go To For "Go"!

£14: W. FAIRBAIRN, Corraith, Kilmarnock, N.B.
Count Your Blessings And—The Answer's A *Lesson*

£12: M. W. FULLER, 8, Salisbury Terrace, Aldershot.
Doctor Nature—Enforces Sleep—Reinforces Sleeper.

£10: R. PHILPOTT, 2, Highfield Avenue, Preston Junction, Lancs.
Roman Eagle—Fears The "Weathercock."

£9: J. ROSS 72, Briscoe Lane, Manchester.
Crack Of The Whip—Louder, As "String Lengthens."

£8: G H. NOBLE, "Elbon Dene," Ring Road, Leeds.
Auntie And The Curate—Exploring Slums—"Discovered" Cupid.

£7: Mrs. GATH, 267, Copster Hill Road, Oldham.
Full Of Fight—Reveller—Protested Policeman "Holding"!

£6: G FARRINGTON, 63, Peveril Road, Beeston, Notts.
In Life's Workshop—Hang "Croaking Strictly Prohibited."

2 OF £5 EACH:
F. W. BROWN, 37, Park Road, Bristol.
'Price Of Peace—Father Yields Fireside "Territory."
K. W. DYER, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.
The Hero Smiled And — Mother Forgot Motherhood's "Plunge."

3 OF £4 EACH:
Miss SYKES, Kingsley Hotel, Hart Street, W.C.
Clean—Page, Sonny's Bookmark!
E. WILDS, 27, Guisborough Street, Sunderland.
Fires Of Hatred—Stuck-up "Stoke Up."
A. WOOD, 4, Temperance Fold, Beeston, Leeds.
He's An Actor, So—Air Prosperous—Hair Preposterous.

3 OF £3 EACH:
T. H. CALDICOTT, Long House, Pimperne.
Heard In The Queue—Of Limousines. "Very Exhausting!"
L. CASSON, 16a, Salterbeck Road, Workington.
He's An Actor, So—Enters As Though Encored!
R. TALBOT, 2, Dawson Place, Allendale.
Fired With Enthusiasm—And Trepidation, Abyssinian's Gun!

A list of 38 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull." Each winner of £2 up to £50 will also receive an "Ultra" all-mains Radio Set.

SIGN FOR SAFETY TO-DAY

Fill in the forms below for "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Protection for you and yours against common everyday perils—a safeguard for your precious possessions, against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest—generous sickness benefit—"John Bull's" Gift of Security is *unique* and *unparalleled*. Sign NOW.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 8/2/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

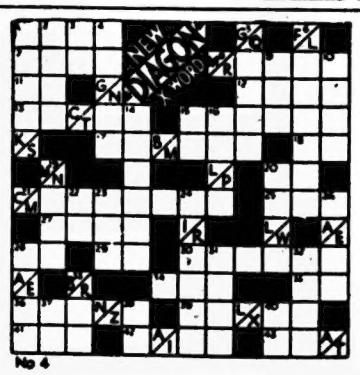
..... Date.....

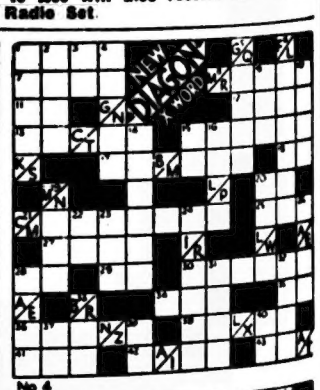
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 8/2/36

X-WORD COPY SQUARES

Entrants in our Crossword Competition should keep copies of their entry on these miniature squares.

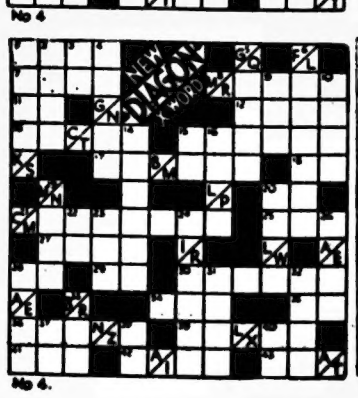
PUZZLE on Page 40

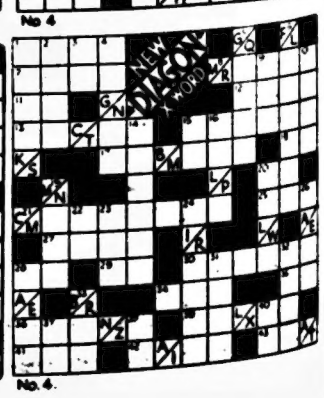




NEWSAGENT'S 'X-WORD PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom "Diagon" Crossword No. 4 First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.





BRITISH MUSEUM 5 36 MAR

NEW CASH-plus-COMFORT PRIZES in HUGE "BULLETS" OFFER

50

£750 CASH plus LUXURIOUS £3.7.6 ARM-CHAIR

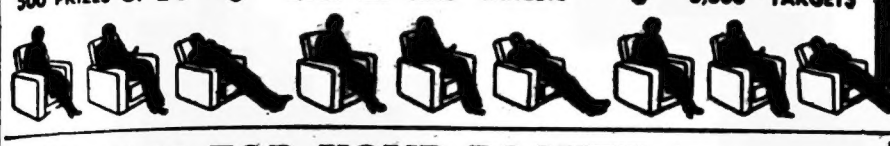
THIS WEEK ONLY

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST FOR A "BULLET"

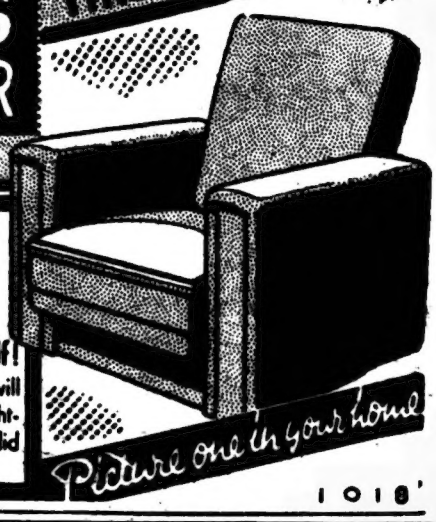
SECOND PRIZE £50 PLUS ARM-CHAIR

£25 PLUS ARM-CHAIR | £10 PLUS ARM-CHAIR | £5 PLUS ARM-CHAIR | 10 OF £4 EACH PLUS ARM-CHAIR | 10 OF £3 EACH PLUS ARM-CHAIR | 25 OF £1 EACH PLUS ARM-CHAIR

500 PRIZES OF 2/6 • 2,000 RED SEAL "TARGETS" • 8,000 "TARGETS"



FOR 50 WINNERS THIS WEEK
The New Berkeley
SUPERLAX
the Arm-chair that adjusts itself!
With each prize of £1 and over "John Bull" will present this new £3.7.6 Automatic "Upright-resting-lounging" Easy Chair. A splendid addition to any fireside!



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WIN £750 FOR YOUR POCKET AND COMFORT FOR YOUR HOME!

"THE Ideal Contest for the Man in the Street" is an apt description of *Bullets*, and you will find it well within your powers to turn out a prize-worthy effort. So make up your mind to fit together some *Bullets* this week, for now you have no fewer than 50 opportunities of capturing a big 2-in-1 prize with the result of half an hour's amusing work on the *Examples*.

Besides a substantial cheque, each of this week's 50 chief winners will be able to relax in the luxury of a magnificent "Berkeley" armchair, fit for a millionaire's home. Enter the best *Bullet* of the week and on Friday, February 28, a golden Joy Wire will bring you JOHN BULL's congratulations on capturing the security of a £750 fortune as well as the comfort of your prize arm-chair.

Start to work on those interesting *Examples* promptly, for by making up efforts for this week's outstanding prize-list you will be giving yourself ideal training for the sensational "Queen Mary" *Bullets* Offer to be launched next week.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read carefully through the *Examples* and jot down all the ideas that strike you in connection with them. These rough comments will be very rough indeed, but any of them may prove the basis of a big prize *Bullet*.

You have now to compress each rough idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which pithily express your meaning and link up aptly with the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you were working on the *Example* TURNED OVER; your first rough note might be *Sonny, After Breaking His Resolutions*. This you could readily compress and polish into the finished *Bullet*, TURNED OVER—SONNY—"NEW LEAF" WASN'T!

To help you further, before beginning on your efforts, absorb the *Bullets* atmosphere by studying closely the list of this week's winning efforts on the previous page.

Then settle down to making your own prize *Bullets*, remembering that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, February 15.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TROUBLES BALDWIN
HUMAN FOOTBALL
JUST LIKE A MAN
FATHER FEARS
BACKING OUT
WILD TALK
WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN
AT SONNY'S PARTY
"DONE!"
TO BE CONTINUED
ACROSS THE COUNTER
SADDER BUT WISER
OUT AT ELBOWS
REFUSED
MEMORIES OF YOUTH
WIFEY WOULDN'T LISTEN, SO
HIS TITLE
CHECKED
OUT OF PRISON
WITH A SNEER
TURNED OVER
AT THE FIREMEN'S BALL
FOOL OR HERO
SAY THE WORD AND
WHAT OTHERS THINK
ON DRY LAND
NEVER GOES WRONG
EMBARRASSING
HER REVENGE
STRANGE FACE
THOUGHTFUL NEIGHBOURS
IF THEY KNEW
GRANDMA'S PET
TO ME
SWEETS OF LIFE
BOUGHT AND SOLD

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "A/c Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,013 will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. E. Dawson, 36, Old Dover Road, Blackheath, S.E.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,018 usually purchase "John Bull."

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" AND CROSSWORDS USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you want to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

SAIL IN S.S. "QUEEN MARY"

See Great Announcement on Page 42.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,018) Closing SAT., Feb. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"BULLETS" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,018) Closing SAT., Feb. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,018) Closing SAT., Feb. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,018) Closing SAT., Feb. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,018) Closing SAT., Feb. 15. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,018, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE YOU!

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

It Cures Through the Blood!

"Oh! My Poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and instops would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . ."

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical:* it is the natural result of *revitalised blood* and *improved circulation* brought about by Elasto.

What Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"I had suffered for years with a weak heart but Elasto cured me."
"It put me on my feet."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Aged 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better." Etc.

Beware of Imitations!

"I can now Walk for Miles."

". . . . after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful." Mrs. L—— S——

Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels

YOUR body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels! Think of that—12,000 miles. *Sufficient to stretch half-way round the world.* This marvellous pipe-line of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins by means of which the blood is carried to every one of the millions upon millions of the cells of the body, to nourish; to cleanse; and to renew. From this it is obvious that bad circulation is a serious disease, the forerunner of a host of other diseases. Elasto ensures *efficient* circulation—*the real basis of sound health.*

For All "John Bull" Readers!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this New Biological Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper), and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Don't Miss This FREE OFFER See Coupon Below

Not a Drug—but a Vital Cell-Food.

ELASTO is something new to curative science. It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases;* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissues needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—*the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity *Nature's own laws of healing.* It is prepared in tiny tablets (which dissolve instantly on the tongue) and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantage of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for:

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Not Magic — Just Logic!

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. The tiny tablets dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! No drugs; no adhesive bandages; *Elasto cures through the blood.*

JOHN BULL COUPON
for Trial Sample of Elasto ★
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15.D), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)
ADDRESS.....
.....
.....
John Bull 8.2.36.

Elasto saves its small cost over and over again - it pays!

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